

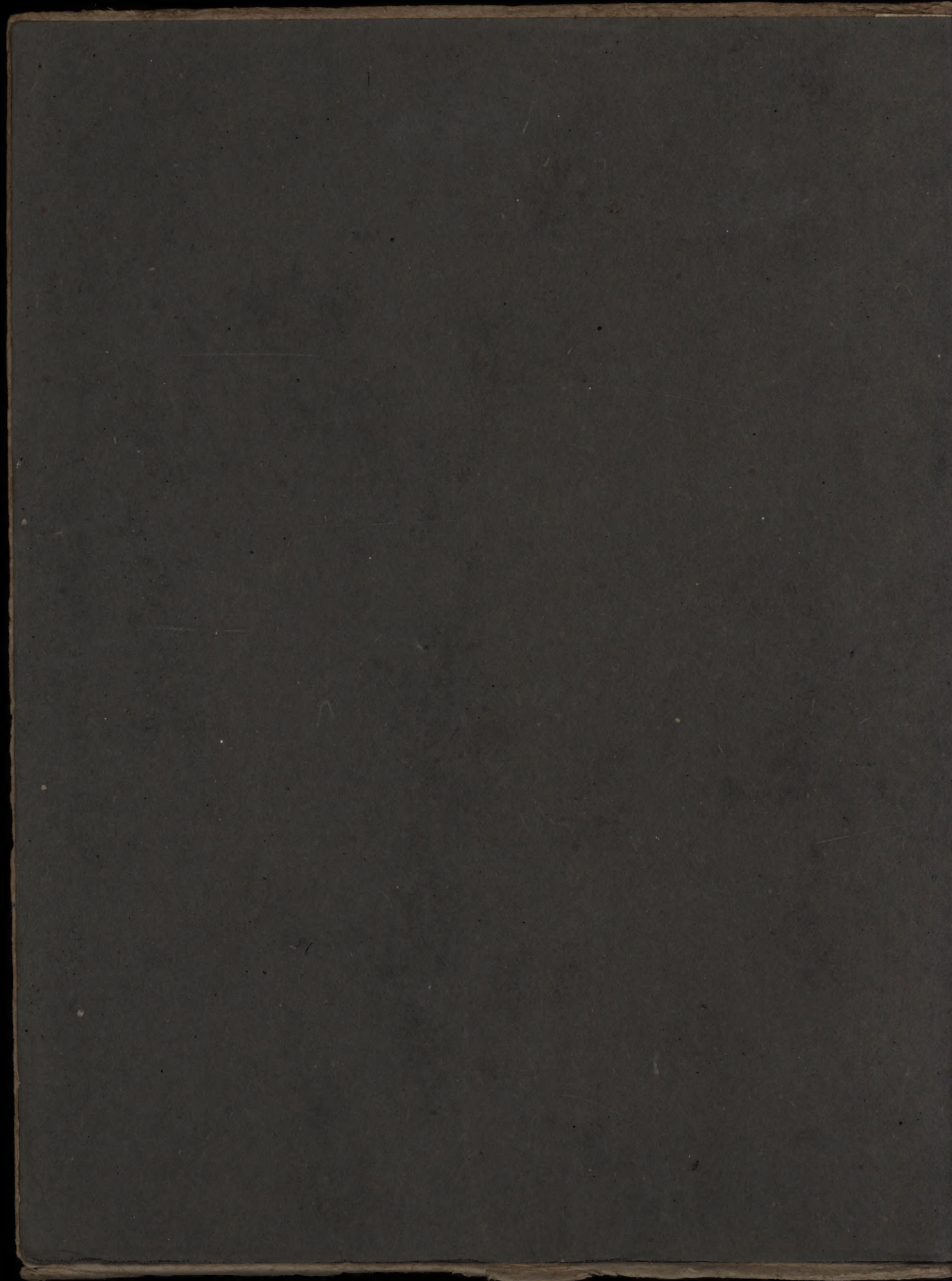
# THE PAGE

## Christmas

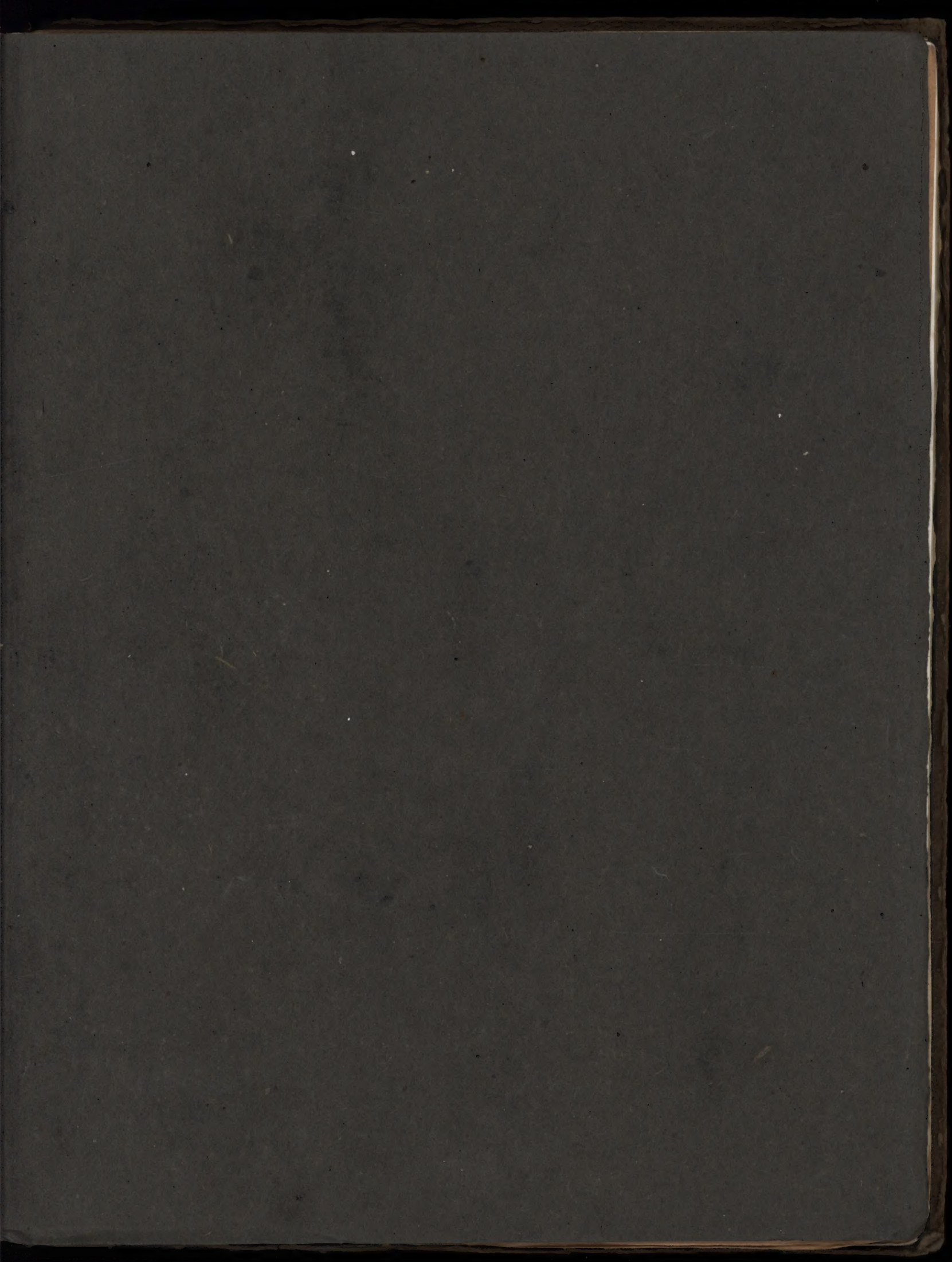
1900















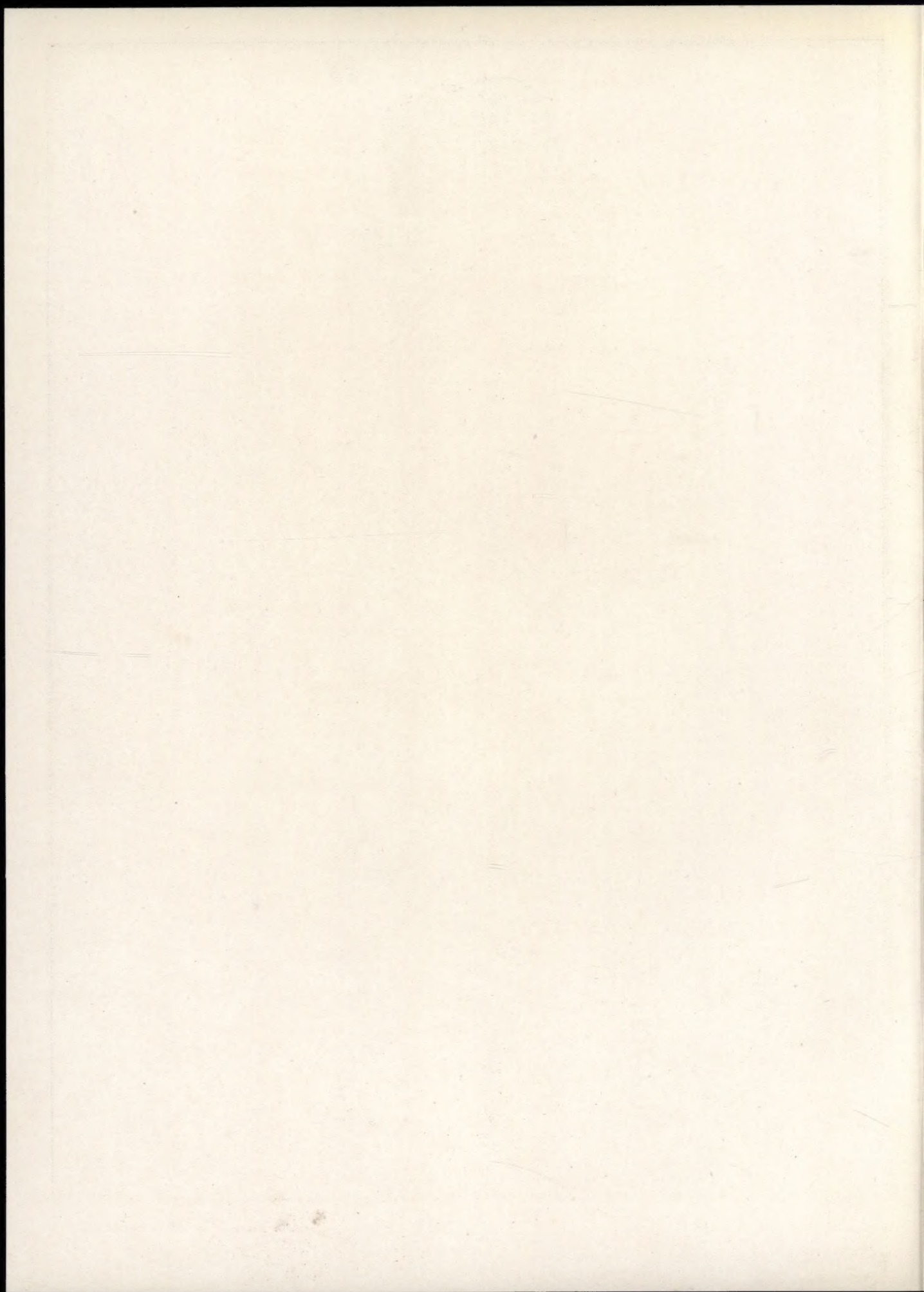




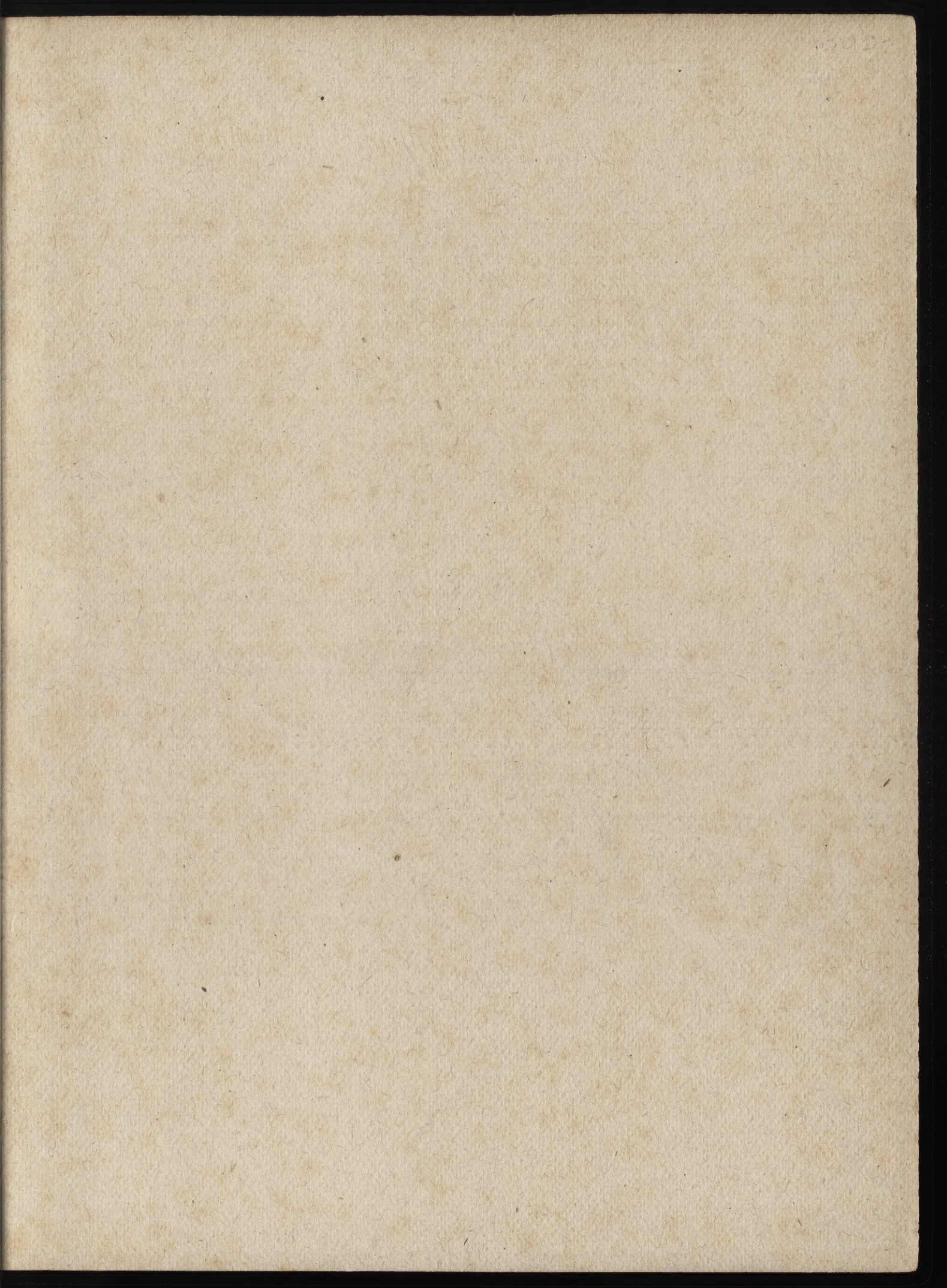
IRVING AS "DUBOSC," IN "THE LYONS MAIL," ACT III.

FROM A DRAWING BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.















TO THE DIVINE  
OPHELIA OF DRURY  
LANE & MARCH 17, 1898










# THE PAGE.

## THIS THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, AT  
THE SIGN OF THE ROSE, HACKBRIDGE,  
CARSHALTON, SURREY, ENGLAND. 1900 

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THE [illegible] [illegible]



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# JANUARY

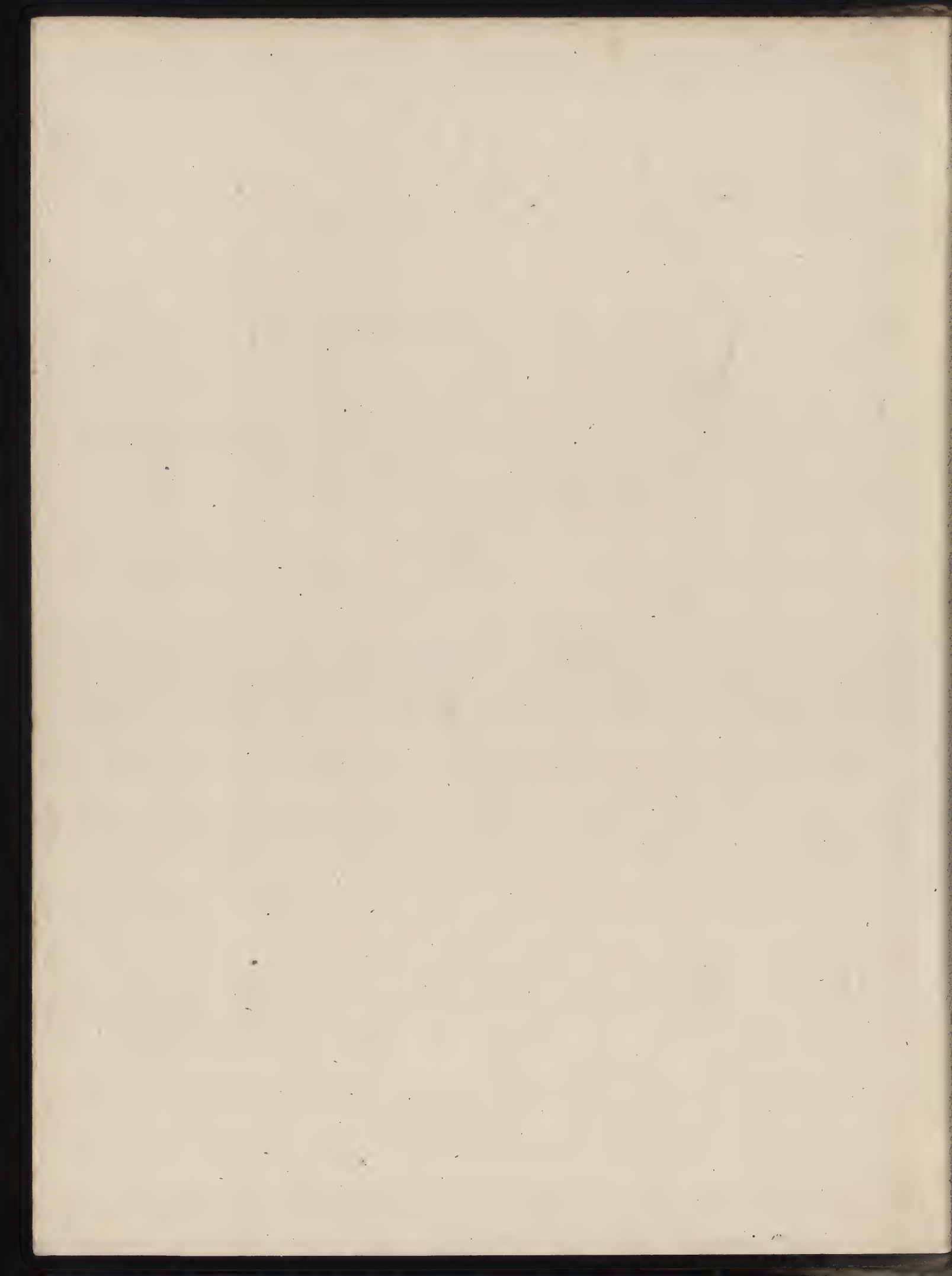


## OBSERVATIONS

**T**HIS is the Season for good Husbands to lop and prune superfluous Branches from Fruit-trees, uncover their Roots; set all kind of Quick-sets and Fruit-trees in the New of the Moon. Be sure the Wind be not North nor East; and set the same Sides to the South and West which grew at the first. Set Beans, Pease, and Parsnips. The Weather mild and Moon decreasing, dig Gardens, drench weak and sick Cattle, Kine with Verjuice, Horses with Water and ground Malt, sodden with a little Bran. ☛ In this Month let not Blood, nor use Physick, unless Necessity constrain thee. Beware of taking Cold, for Rheums and Phlegm do much increase this month. It's hurtful to fast long. To drink White-wine fasting is good. Use Meats that are moderately hot, for the best Physick is warm Diet, warm Clothes, and a merry honest Wife. ☛ ☛ ☛











HENRY.8<sup>th</sup>

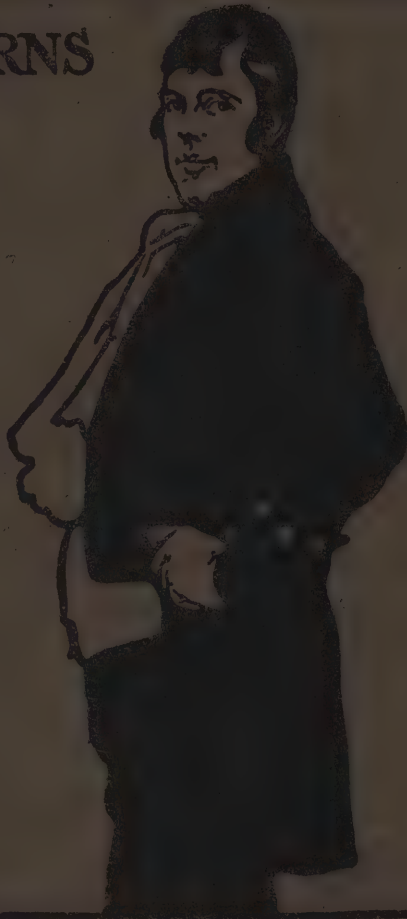








ROBERT BURNS



A MAN

DESIGNED BY J. W. SIMPSON









BOOKPLATE PROPERTY OF CHARLES DALMON.

GORDON CRAIG









A DESIGN FOR A POSTER.

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.



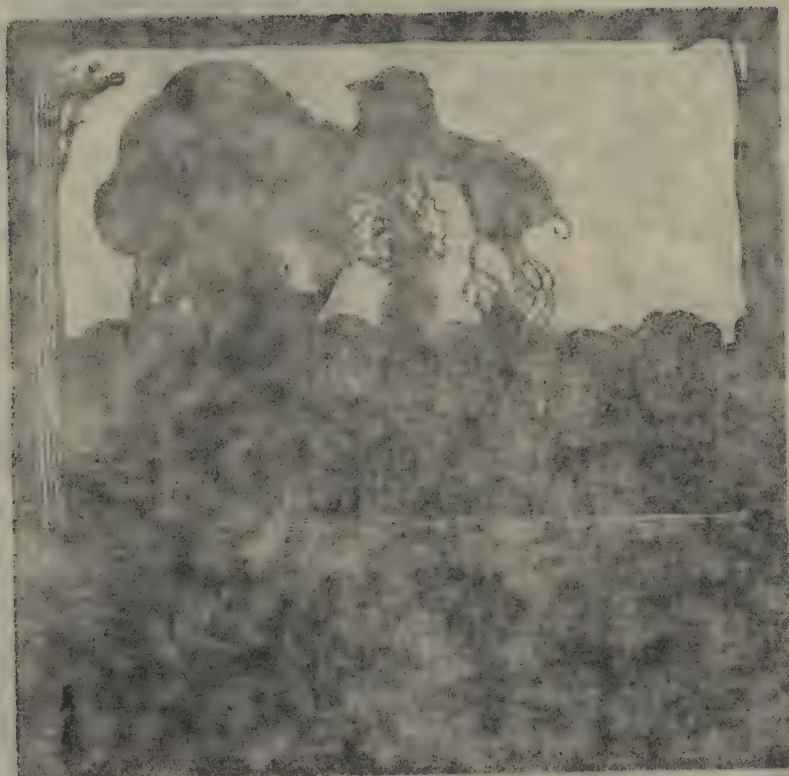






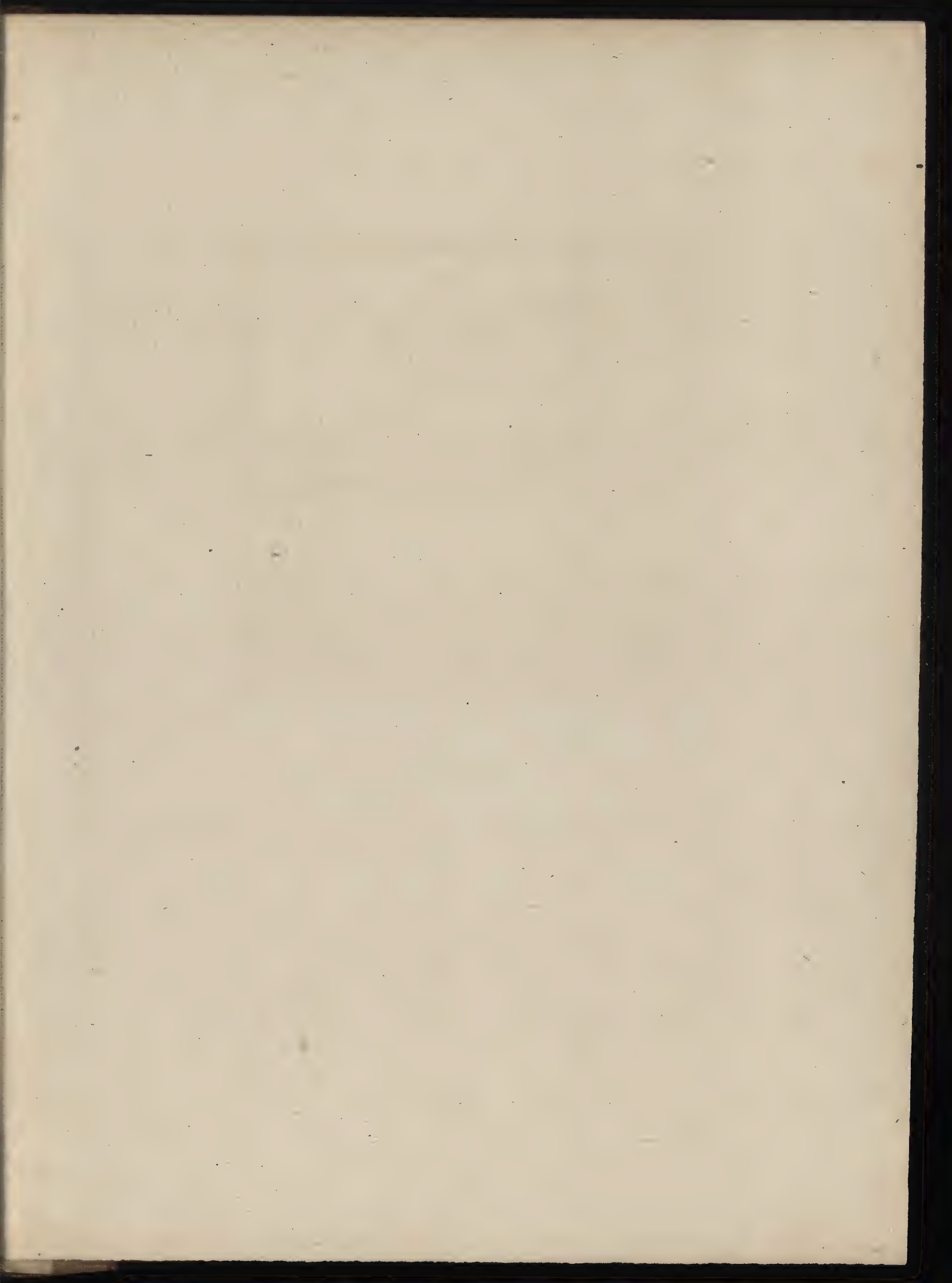
"I HAD NO THOUGHTS OF A BLUE GAUZE VEIL." DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY OLIVER BATH.



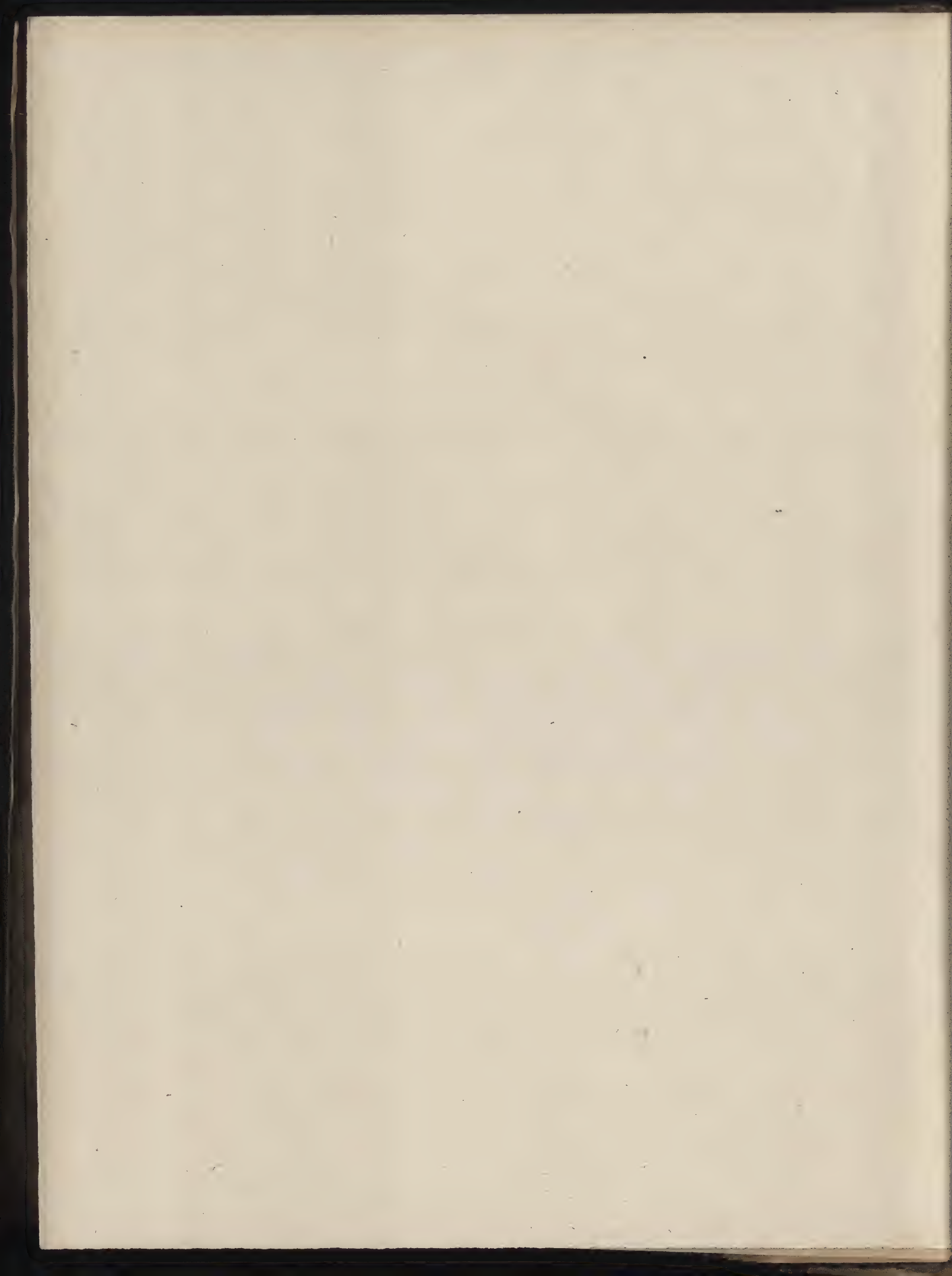


DESIGNED AND ENGINEERED BY C. J. VAN E. M.









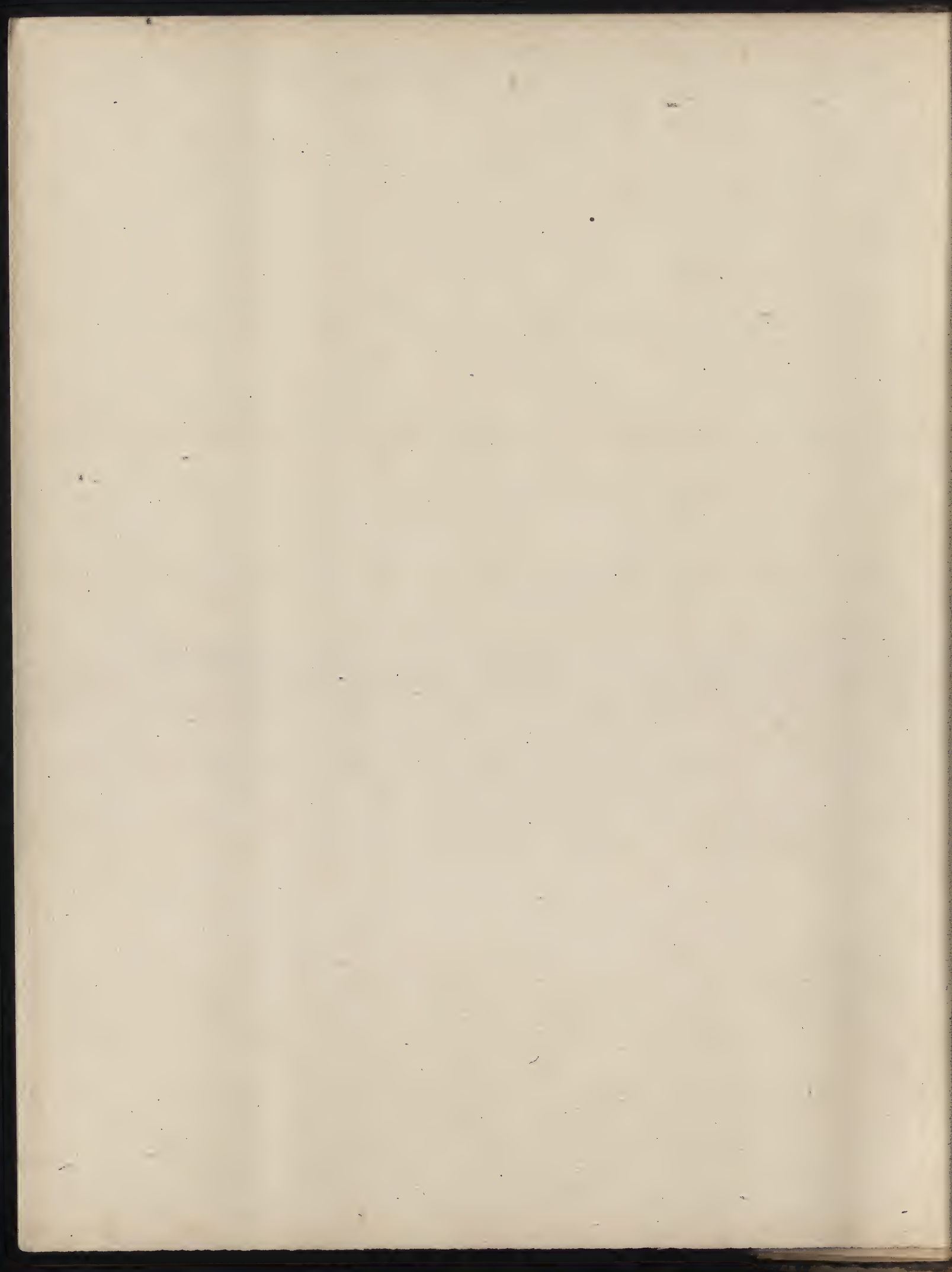




THE UNDERSTUDY.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG









MISS QUEENIE TARVIN,  
AS "DICK" IN "OLIVIA,"

FROM A DRAWING BY E. GORDON CRAIG.

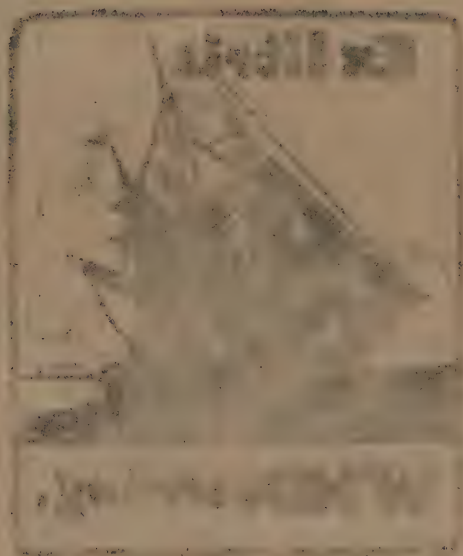






A BOOKPLATE.

G. C.







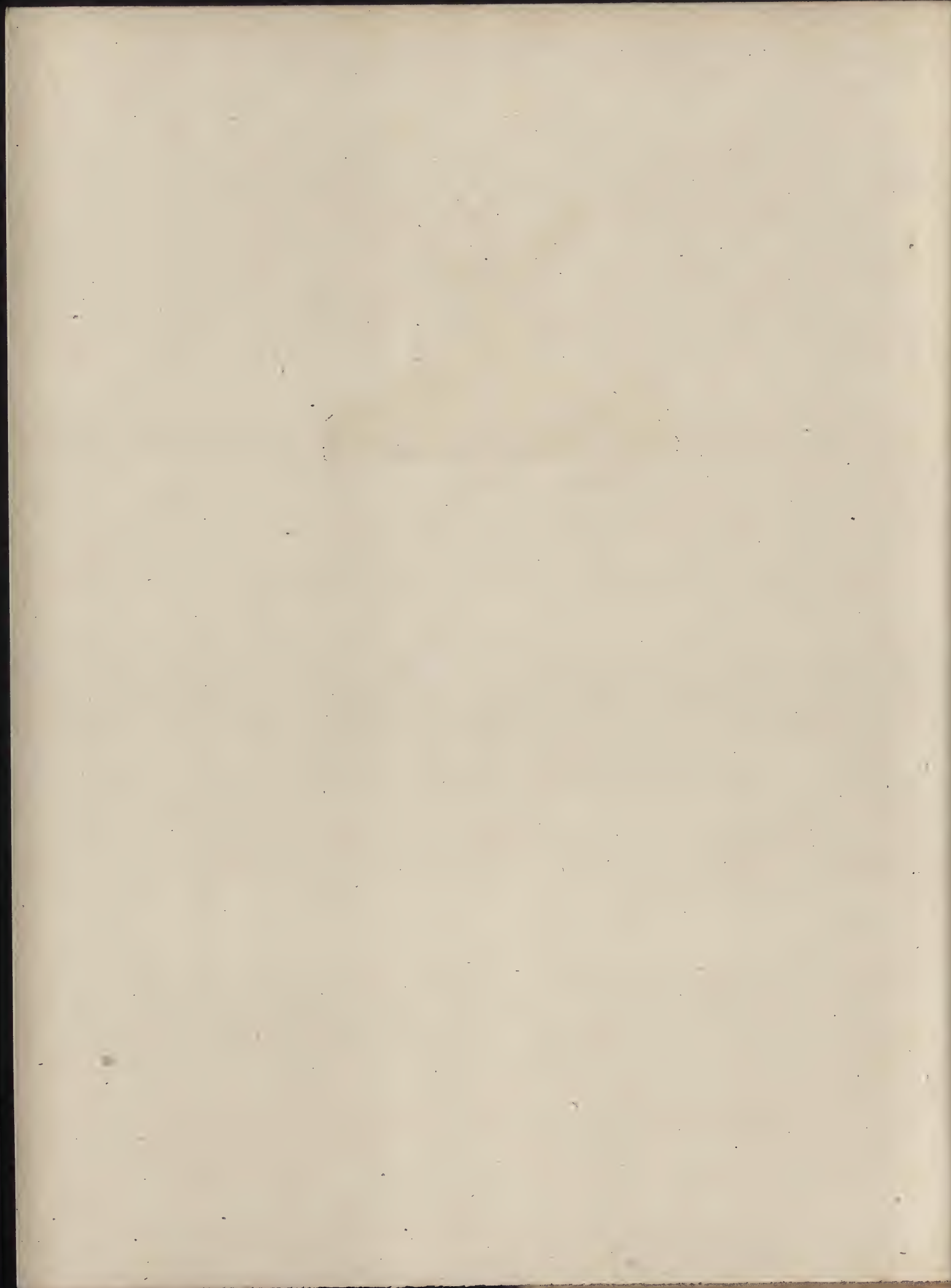
## A BIT FOR CHILDREN

A Mill has not got  
A Tail like a Cat's,  
But Sails like Bat's ♣

~~~~~  
A Cloud does not  
Fall like a Stone,  
It Floats like a Fish ♣

~~~~~  
FATHER does not  
RHYME with Mother,  
But MA does with PA ♣







## ROSES IN THE NIGHT.

---

When the veil of night enshrouds the sky the world  
belongs to you, to me, my beloved, and to the Gods.

We wander from the fields to the spring, and from  
the purple woods into the silver light of the moon,  
we wander where our bare feet lead us.    ♣    ♣

The little stars give light enough for the slight  
shadows that we are, and sometimes beneath the  
sweeping trees we see the does asleep.    ♣    ♣

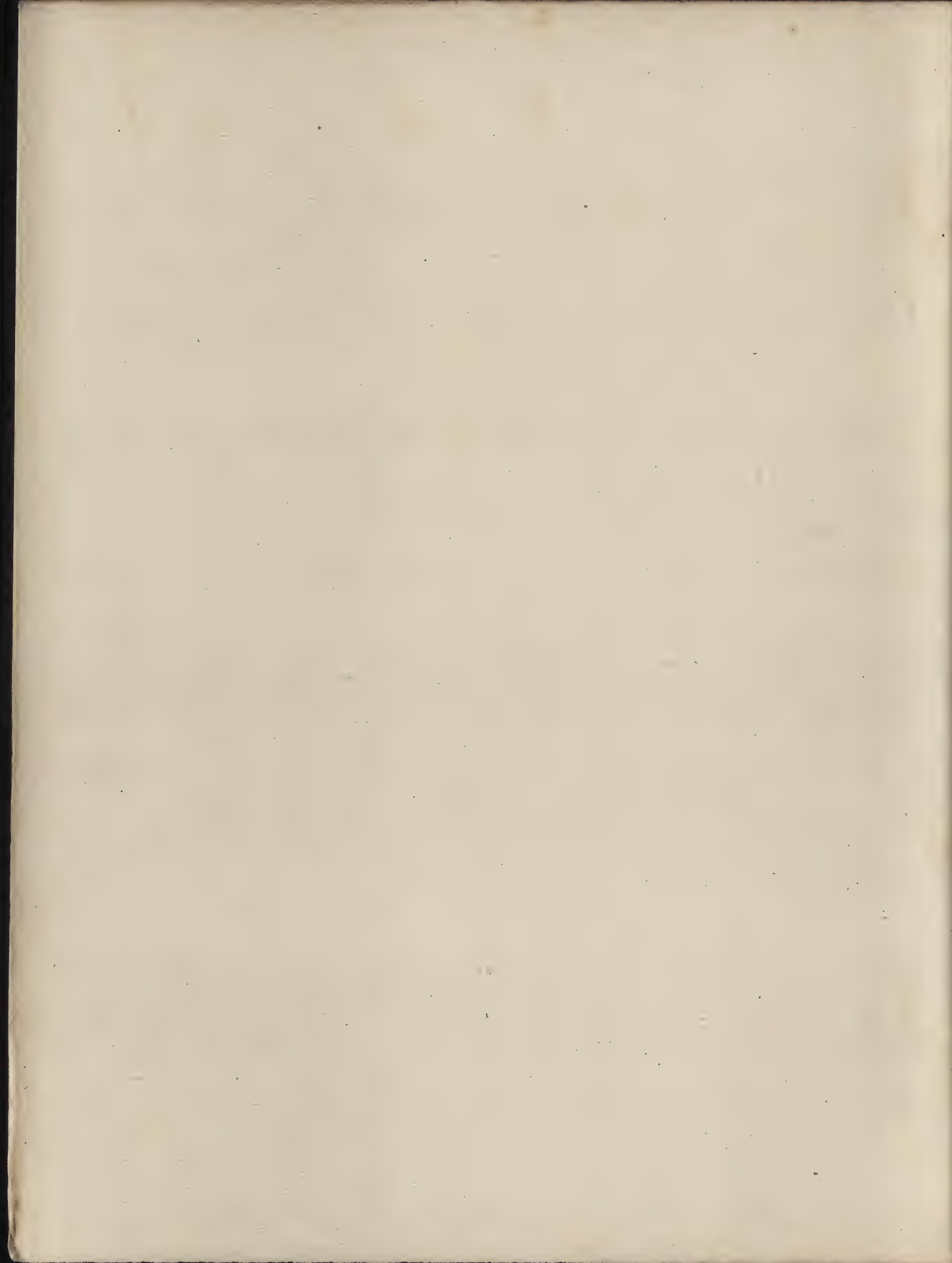
But more wonderful than all else in the night is  
a place known to us alone, and the delight of it  
draws us through the wood, for the roses grow there.

And nothing on earth is so divine, as the breath of  
roses in the night.    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣

Tell me, beloved, how came it that yester night I  
was not enthralled by it?    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣

'Tis true that yester night I was alone.    ♣    ♣







# A S O N G

The PALANQUIN BEARERS  
BY SAROJINI NAIDU \* \*  
WITH NEW MUSIC BY  
MARTIN FALLAS SHAW.

FOR PERMISSION TO REPRINT  
THE WORDS, MY THANKS ARE  
DUE TO THE EDITORS OF THE  
HAMPSTEAD ANNUAL. G.C. \*





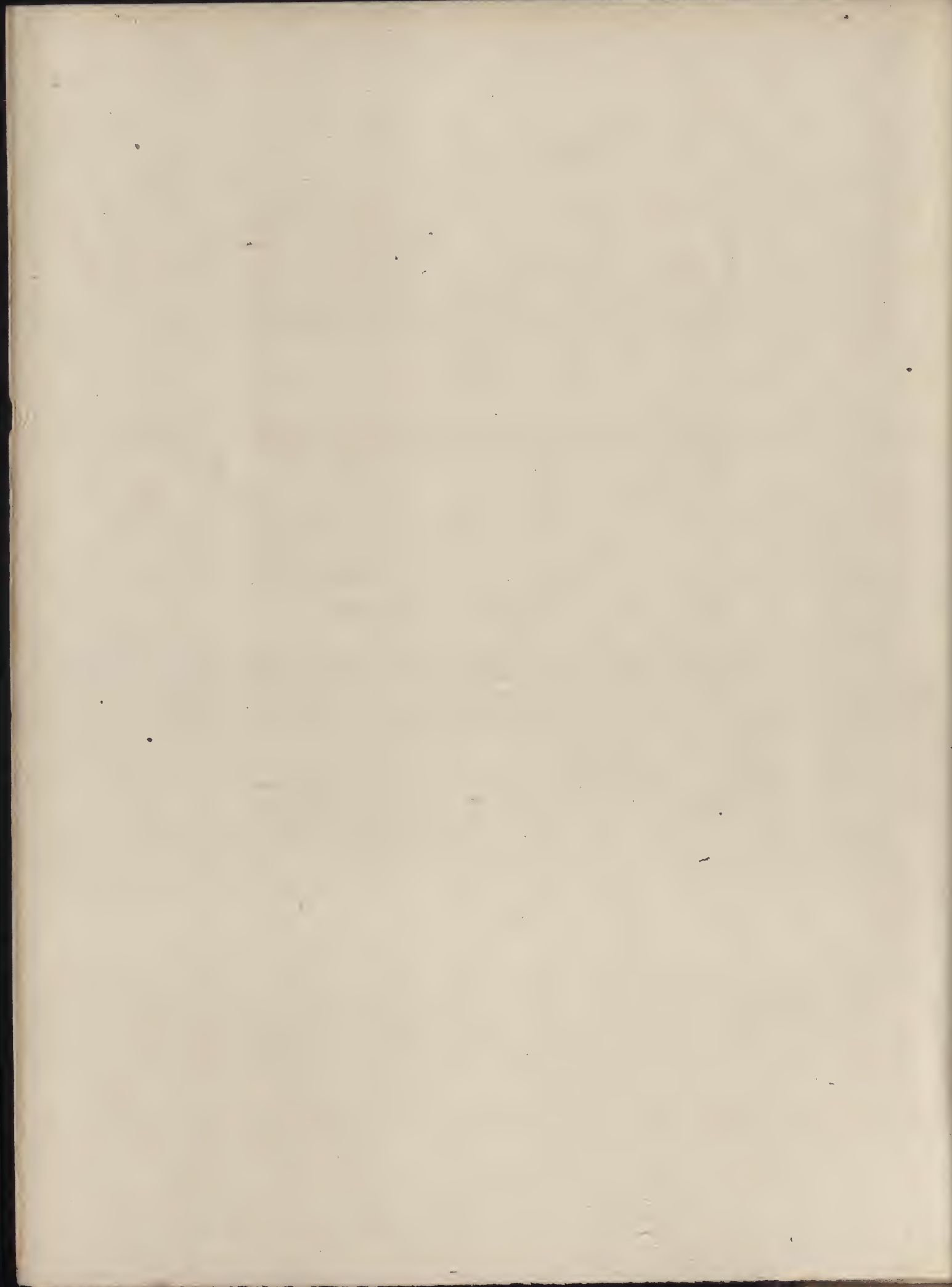


## THE FIRST VERSE

Lightly, O lightly, we bear her along ;  
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song,  
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,  
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.  
Gaily, O gaily, we glide and we sing ;  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

## THE SECOND VERSE

Softly, O softly, we bear her along ;  
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song ;  
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide ;  
She falls like a tear from the eye of a bride.  
Lightly, O lightly, we glide and we sing ;  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.





MUSIC BY MARTIN FALLAS SHAW.  
COPIED BY W. H. DOWNING.

*Allargando e leggierissimo*

*Lightly, O Lightly, we*

*mf*

bear her along, She sways like a flower in the wind, in the sound of our

song She shines like a bird on the foam of a stream She

ten cree too

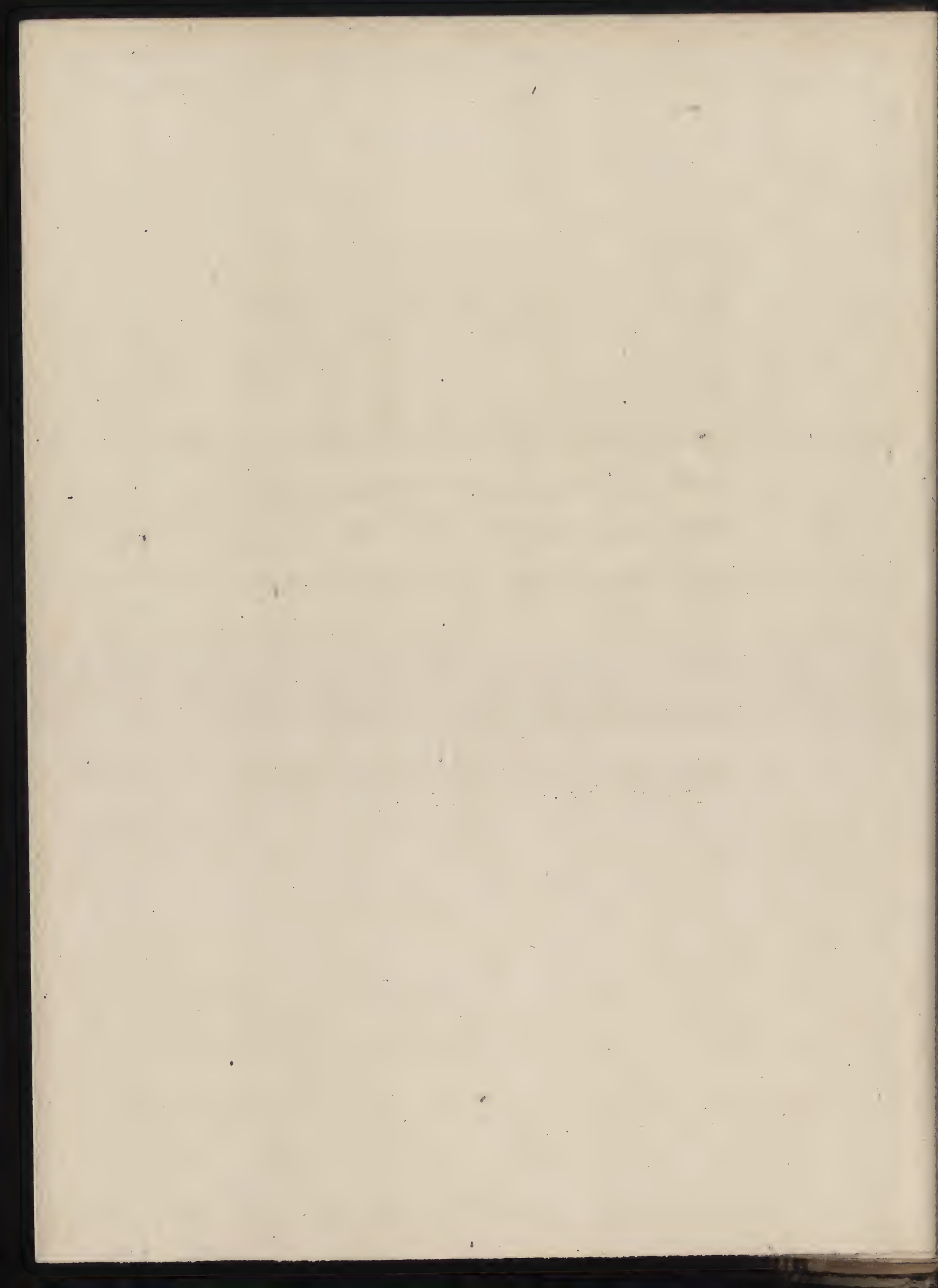
glows like a laugh from the lips of a dream

*mf*





Gai-ly, O gai-ly, we glide and we sing we bear her a-long like a  
pearl on a string... like a pearl, like a pearl on a string  
Gost-ly, O gost-ly, we  
bear her a-long She hangs like a star in the dew, in the dew of our





crec

song she springs like a beam on the brow of the tide, She

ten

crec

ten

falls like a tear from the eye of a bride

rit

ten

mg.

Lightly, O Lightly, we glide and we sing We bear her along like a pearl on a string

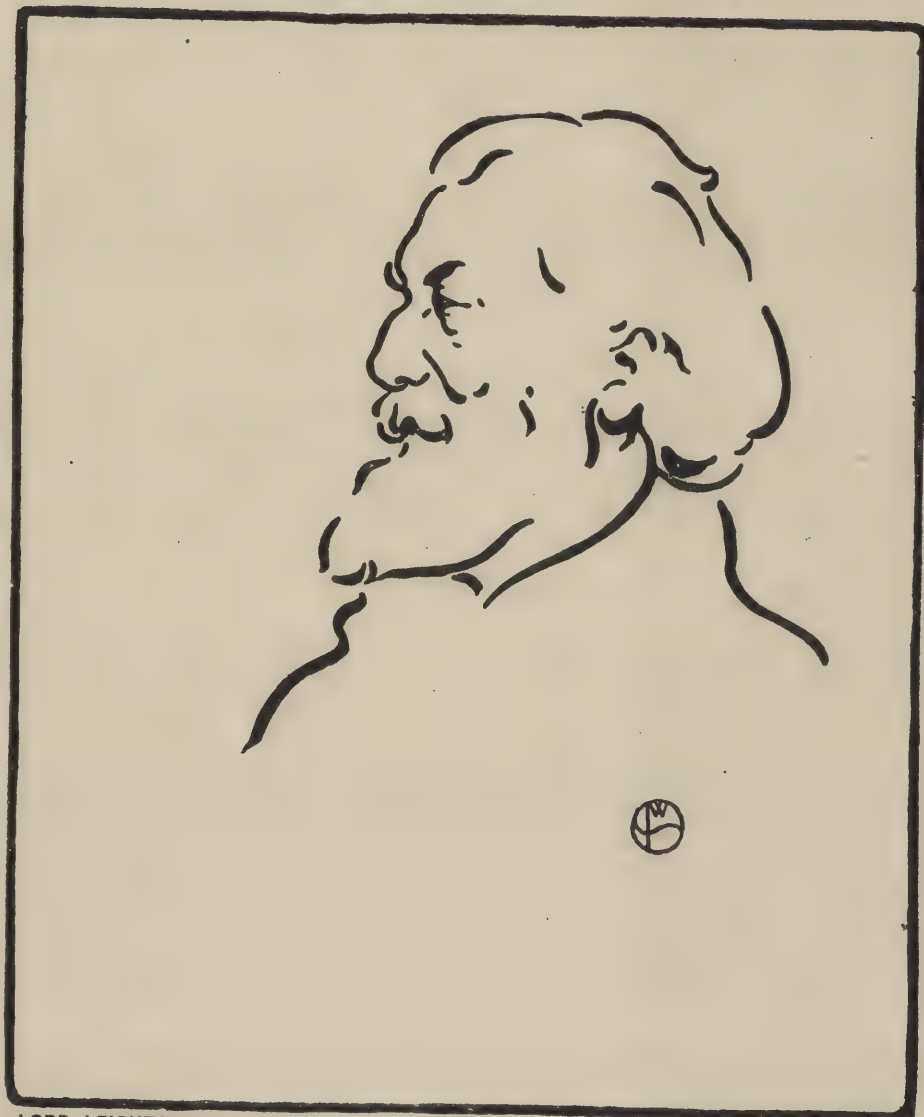
pp, un peu rit, marcadissimo

like a pearl like a pearl on a string

ten

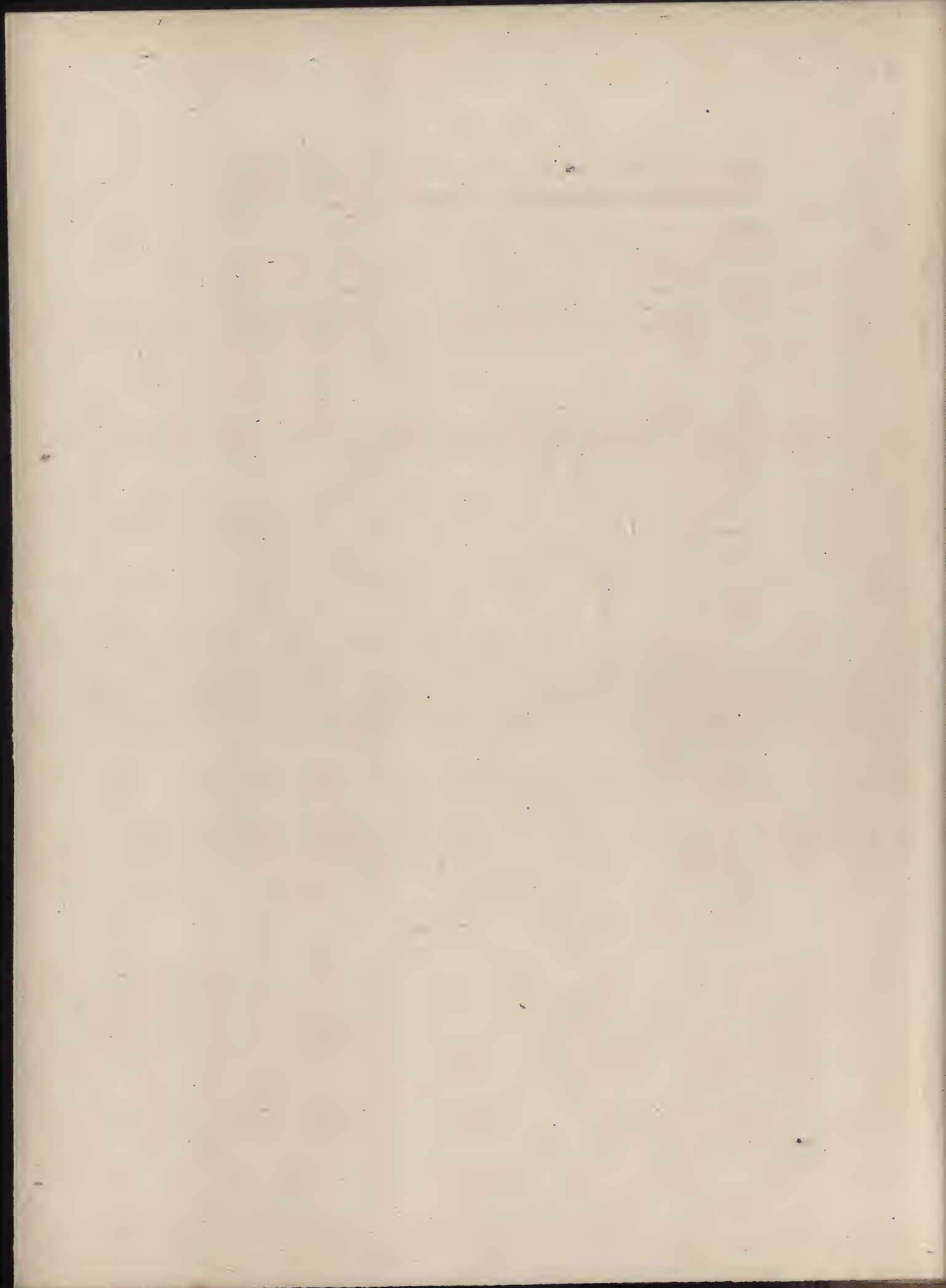






LORD LEIGHTON.

DESIGNED BY J. W. SIMPSON





## A SCANDAL IN PARADISE

---

☞ *The following legend, grossly mediæval in its details, yet startlingly modern in the spirit of its conclusion, has caused great bewilderment to the commentators, who have tried to assign it a date and authorship. The most probable conclusion seems to be that it is an amplification and modernisation of a poem of one of the early Troubadours.* ☞

☞ In the Convent of St. Peter there lived a certain young monk named Anselm, remarkable for early piety and purity of spirit. The good monks had brought him up, and had carefully guarded his early innocence. Nought knew he of the world and its wiles; never looked he on the face of woman after he had parted as an infant from his mother. All his heart was set on holy things; thus grew he up a marvel of virtue, and a very flower of purity, so that almost might thou say of him he was one with the blessed angels of heaven. And yet, such was his grace of spirit and humility, that he recked his righteousness as nothing, and strove ever after greater perfection, even to be one with the saints of God. And as a reward to his virtues, the Lord took him early to himself, and ere his twenty-second year he walked with the saints in Paradise. ☞

☞ Now when this pious soul arrived in Paradise all the angels and blessed saints welcomed him with great gladness, and made much of him, and he rejoiced greatly in their cheer. And he forgot all the strife and pain of his mortal life, and the drear penances and painful fasts he had undergone to crucify the flesh, and he took his ease greatly, and was fulfilled with joy and pleasure. And chiefly he loved to consort with the pure and holy souls of sainted women, of whom he had small knowledge while on earth; and these pious ones suffered him gladly, and taught him many things, for of women and their ways was he full ignorant. Now there





was among the bands of Mary's handmaidens one Margaret, who had died a virgin vowed unto the Lord in the flower of her youth, and there was no fairer nor purer soul among all the holy nuns in Paradise. And these two took great keep either of other, and were a lovely sight to see, so that all the saints in Paradise rejoiced greatly in their love. And Anselm then first to his mind tasted the fulness of heavenly joy when he knew the sweet and holy conversation of the beauteous Margaret. And in a little space, he wist not how, nought else did he esteem in all Paradise, in such wise that without her he recked not of the joys God has given to his redeemed; and he loved her after the manner of men on earth, and not of the saints in Paradise. But he knew not what manner of love he used, for to him was known nought of the lusts of the flesh in his mortal life, for of such had he been ever pure; and him beseemed he loved her with the very flame of heavenly love. And one day it befell they were together in her chamber, and she lay on her couch before him, and his heart was hot within him. And he saw words worked in the linen that covered her couch in fair needlework, and the words were words of rhyme, and he lifted his eyes and read the words. Now this was the rhyme worked in fair needlework on the virgin Margaret's sheets that covered her bed:—

“Of what avayle is thyne to thee?

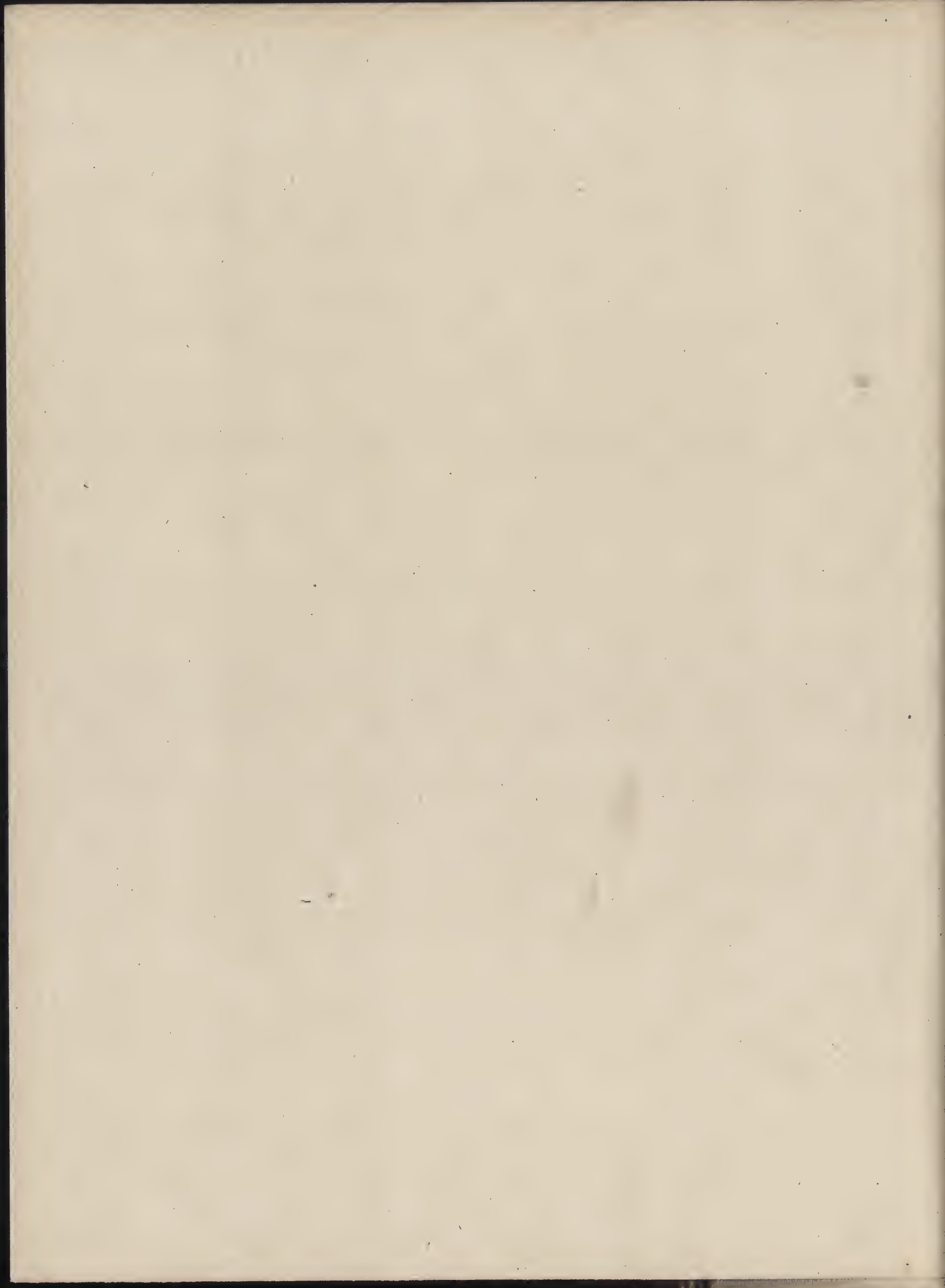
“Of what avayle is myne to mee?

“But suffre mee lay myne to thyne,

“Then thyne to mee(as myne to thee) shall be divyne.”

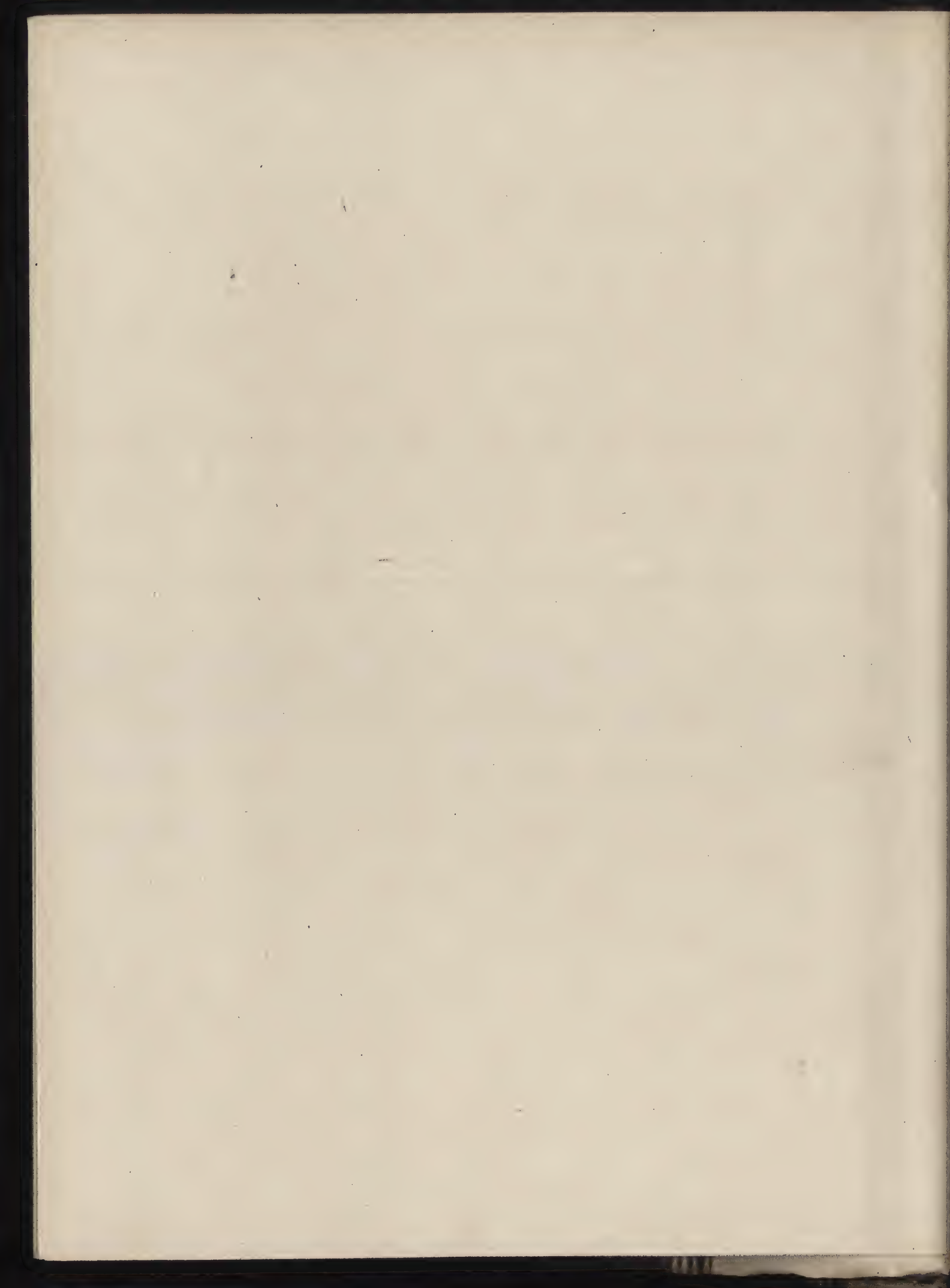
Then said the virgin Margaret, “It hath oftentimes marvelled me what meaneth this rhyme, and why it be worked on my bed. Seemeth me their sentence sheweth forth true Christian love, and how each is worth only in love one of another; but it is dark to me. Wherefore fain would I be, sweet friend, couldst thou in thy wisdom expound them unto me.

Then did a great trembling and joy fill his heart,



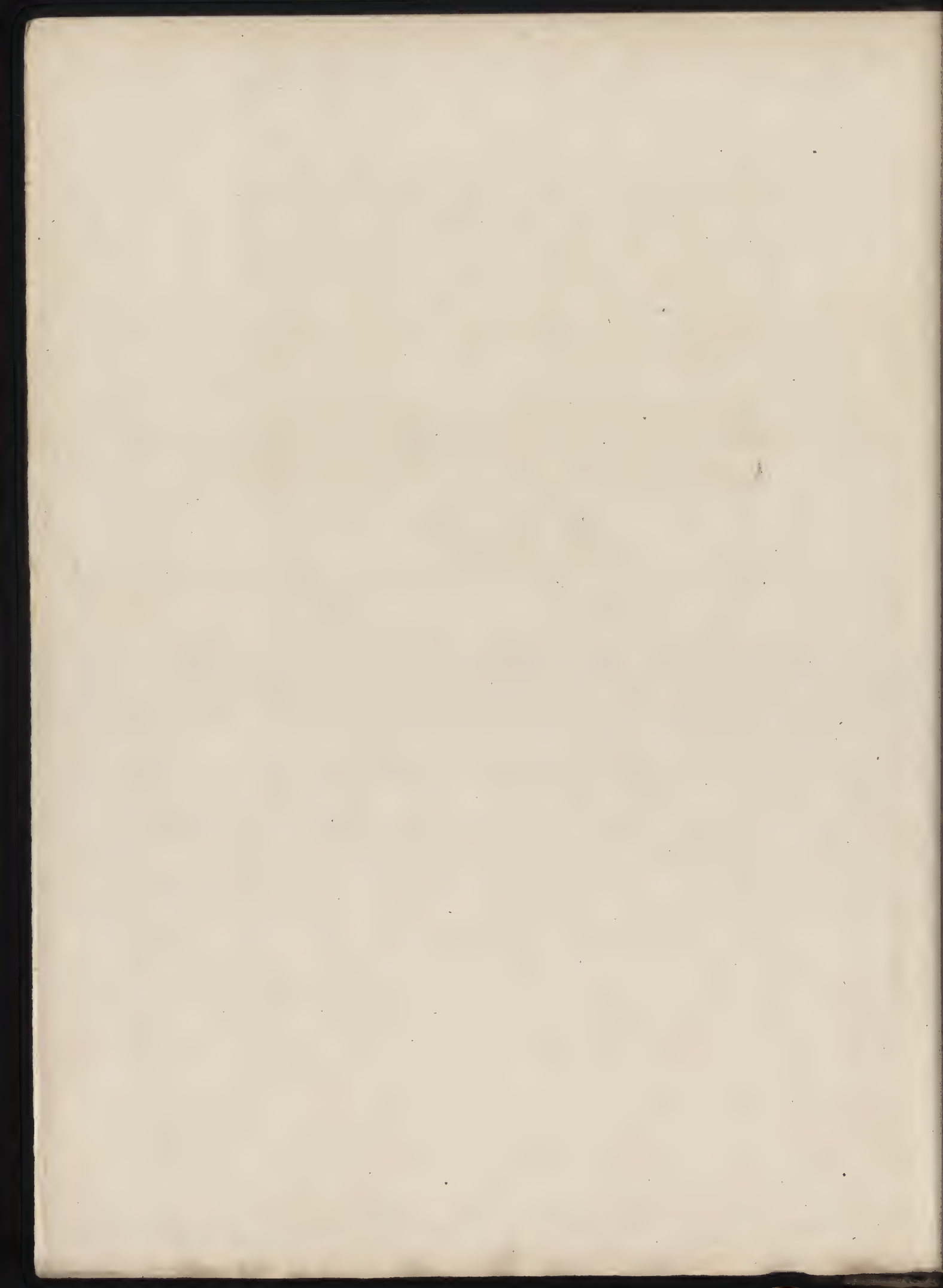


and he lifted himself and drew nigh to the maiden and said to her, "And wouldest thou, sweetest friend, that I shew thee the sentence of these words? Now then this it is: for this cause hath God made man after one fashion and woman after another that there might be great love and solace between them, and each might be lovely and desired in the other's sight. Nor is either worth aught save for the use of the other. For what availeth thy fair breasts and thy lovely body to thyself, or my body and the fashion the Lord hath wrought my members to me? But when each cometh to each, and we love each other after our kind, then is each as it were divine to the other, and then first know we the joy of living that the Lord has given to his creatures, and the bliss and solace that he has made in the love of man and woman." And he cast his arms about her, but she avoided him, and started up off the bed screaming piteously, and cried, "Out, away! Wouldst thou despoil me of my virginity?" And he said, "Nay, but with thy good will, sweet friend." And she said, "That will I never do, for such is the sin of the devils, and it is hateful to me. What fiend hath got among us here in Paradise?" And she avoided him lightly and fled, crying aloud and bewailing herself, and telling all what thing had chanced. And the saints and angels assembled, and the angels wist not what to think, but the saints rebuked Anselm, and told him the love he spoke of was a grievous sin and a lust of the flesh and hateful in God's sight. And he cried aloud and was very sorrowful, but submitted not himself to them, and declared the thing he said was good. Then was there great anger and shame in Paradise, and they cried shame on him, and still he called ever on Margaret. And she turned and spat on him, and vowed she loathed him as the Devil, and St. Cecily and St. Ursula and St. Monica praised her greatly thereat. And St. Gregory and St. Martin and St. Thomas of England and St. Eusebius came and vowed he must be cast out into Hell, for never



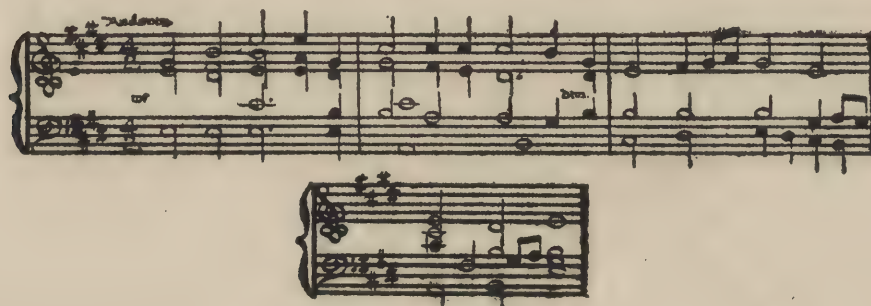


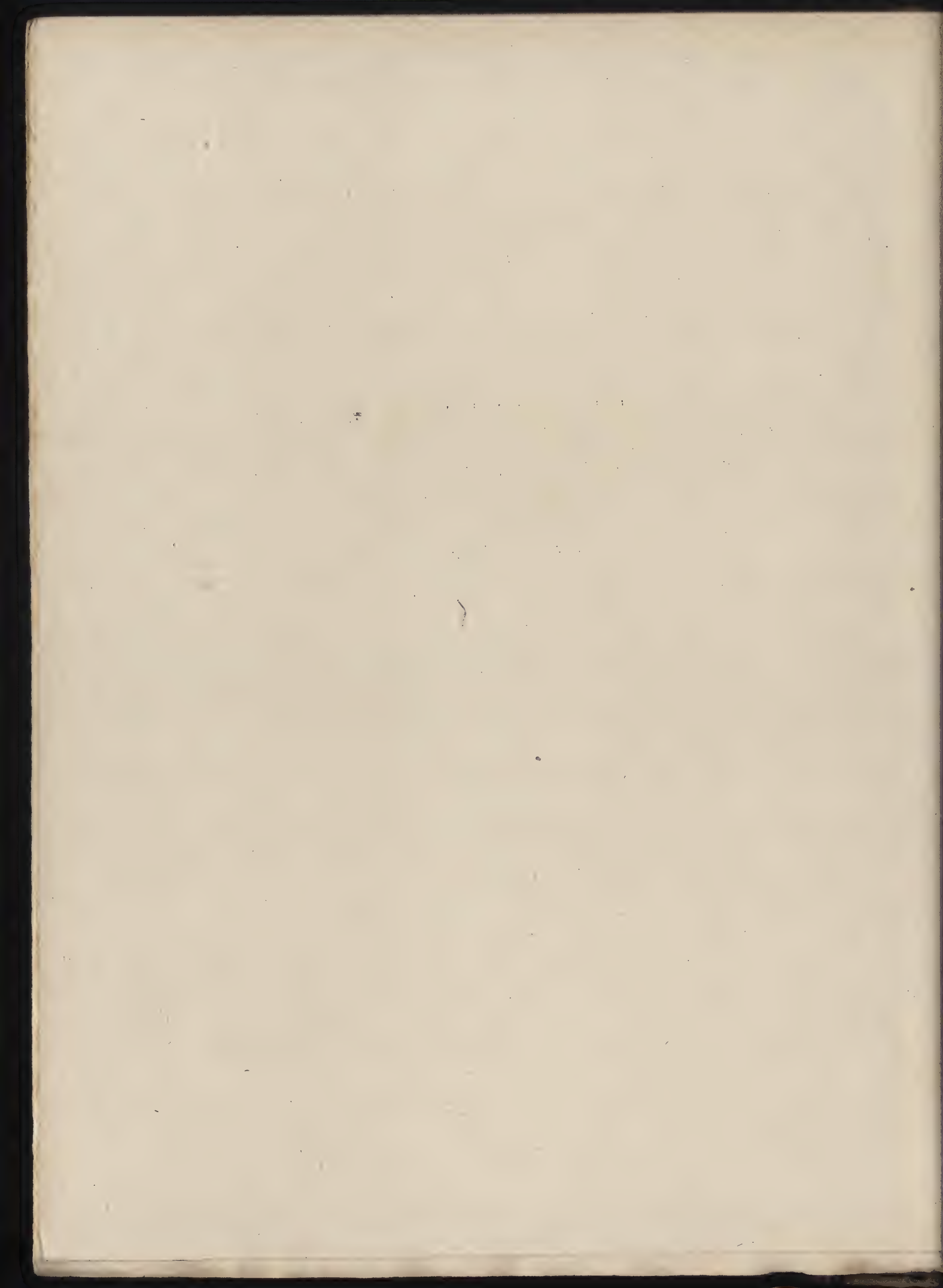
was known such deadly crime in the courts of Paradise. But he resisted greatly, and swore an oath he would not leave Margaret, for, loved she him or loathed she, her only he loved, and Heaven and Hell were one to him with her, for in her sight was all his joy and life. So then was great talk and scandal in Paradise, and all spoke only of Anselm, and most said the Lord would cast him into Hell. And they called him the new Lucifer; only the Cherubim, who are the wisest of the angels, said he had no following. And the women souls cried shame on him, and only Mary Queen, who knoweth all, had pity on him in her heart. And then the Lord spoke, and commanded, saying, "Bring him." So they brought him. ¶ And the Lord said to Anselm, "Is this thing true that they say of thee?" And he answered, "Lord, it is true. And thou knowest, Lord, who knowest all my thoughts and what manner of nature thou hast given me, that I acted not in defiance and hatred of thee; and that all I ask for is to have this maiden Margaret for my wife after the fashion of men." ¶ And the Lord said, "Thou hast well spoken. Forasmuch as thou, living in the world, didst never know the nature of the flesh, neither its trials nor its joys, for this reason has this thing befallen thee, that thou shouldest yet learn what it is to be a man. Wherefore, my son, return to earth, and live and love after the fashion of mankind; and when thou hast lived all the life of the flesh, and proved its evil, then return thou hither to be numbered amongst my saints." ¶ Then turned the Lord to Margaret and said to her, "Maiden, what sayest thou?" And she wept and said, "Lord, thou knowest that I consented not to his temptation." And the Lord said to her, "And didst thou not consent to the temptation to anger and scorn and bitterness of spirit? These things are of the devil, and to him didst thou yield, but my son Anselm to a passion of earth. Nor wert thou truthful to him, for thou knowest thou inclined





towards him in thy heart. Wherefore, depart from Paradise, my daughter, and take up again thine earthly life, and then thou shalt learn in the love of a good man that lovingkindness and truth and humility are of greater value in my sight than the chastity of the body." Then blessed he them, and placed the hand of Margaret in Anselm's hand, and said, "Love one another, my children, and be fruitful." ♣ So Anselm and Margaret departed to earth, and then was great admiration and joy in Paradise over the words of the Lord. ♣





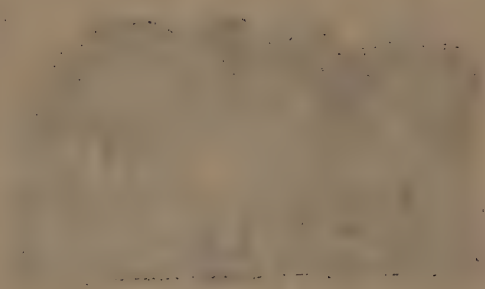




THIS BOOK BELONGS TO WILLIAM WINTER.

A BOOKPLATE.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

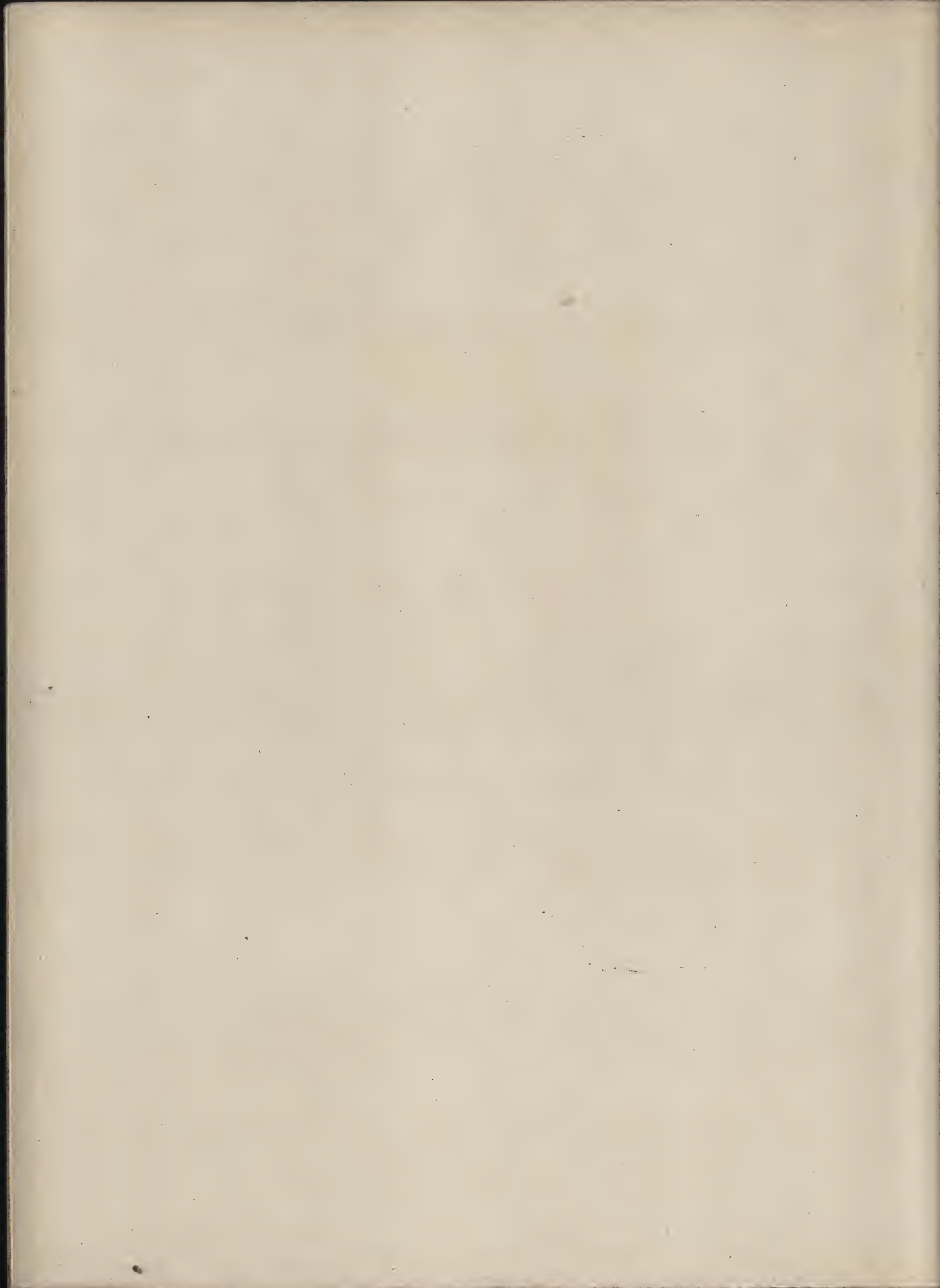


FROM A PROGRAMME OF THE PURCELL OPERATIC SOCIETY. DIDO AND AENEAS, 1900



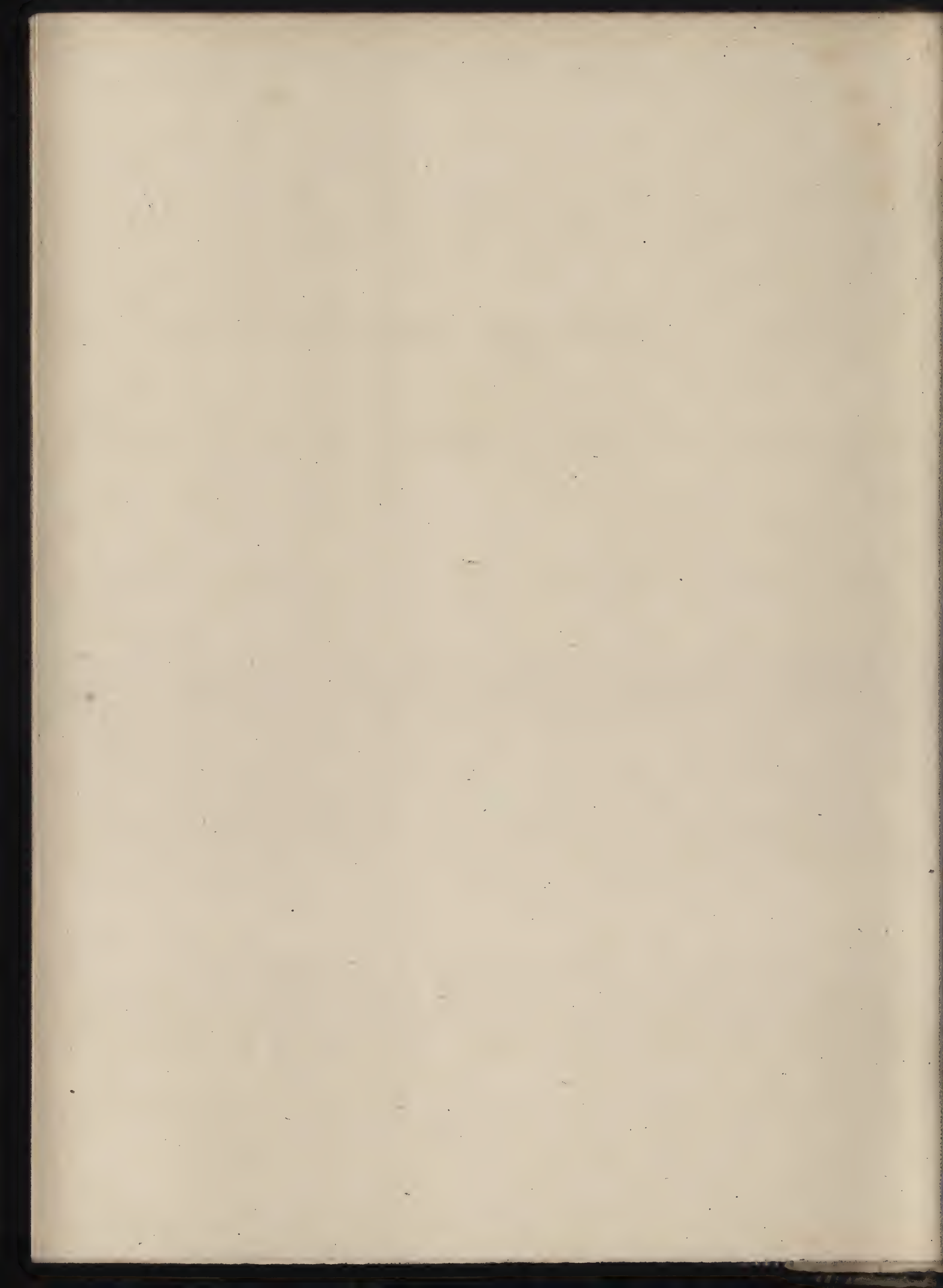
THE SORCERESS  
A WOODCUT BY  
GORDON CRAIG.







CAVE!      DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG



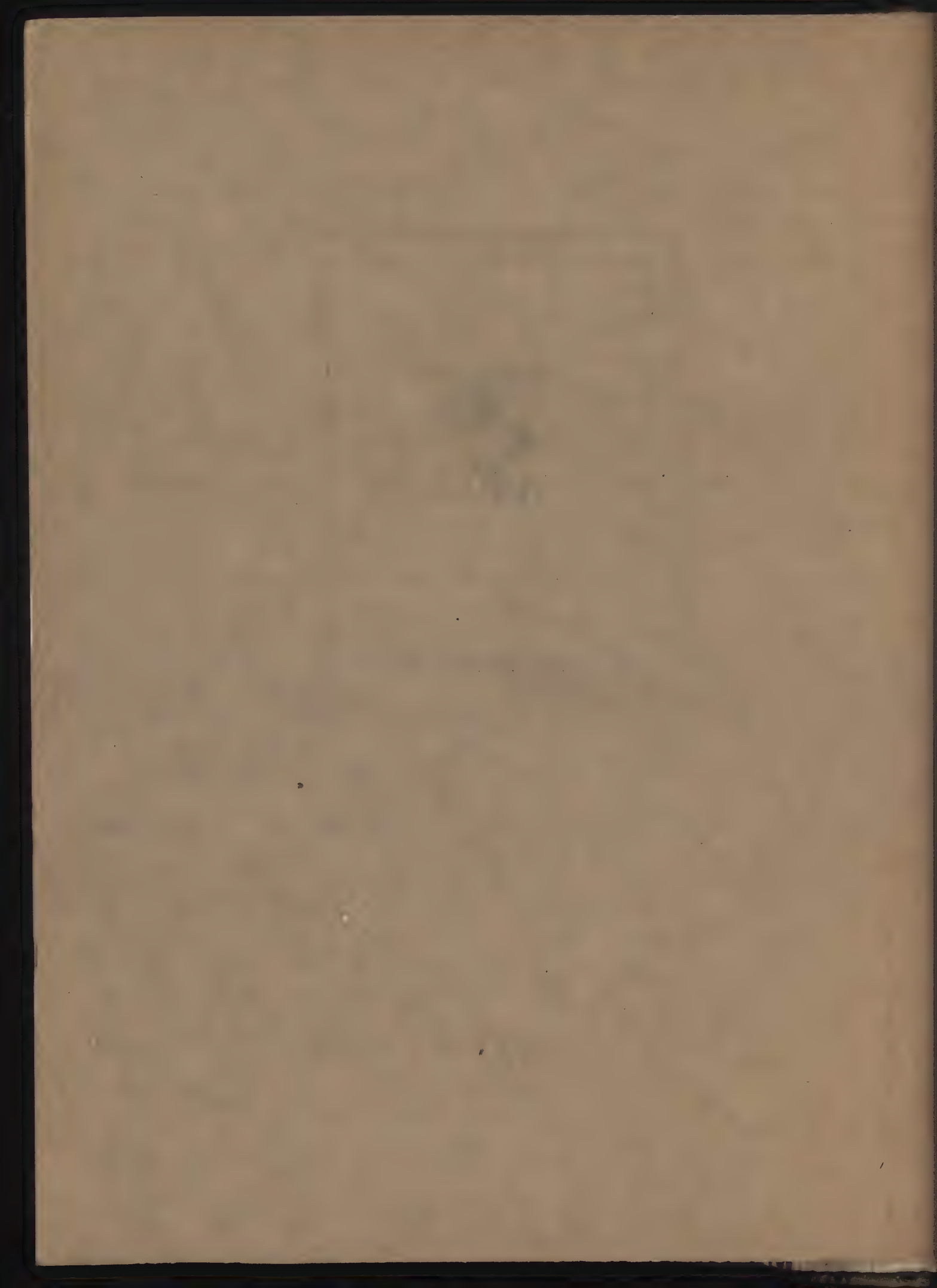




G.C. 1900

BOOKPLATE

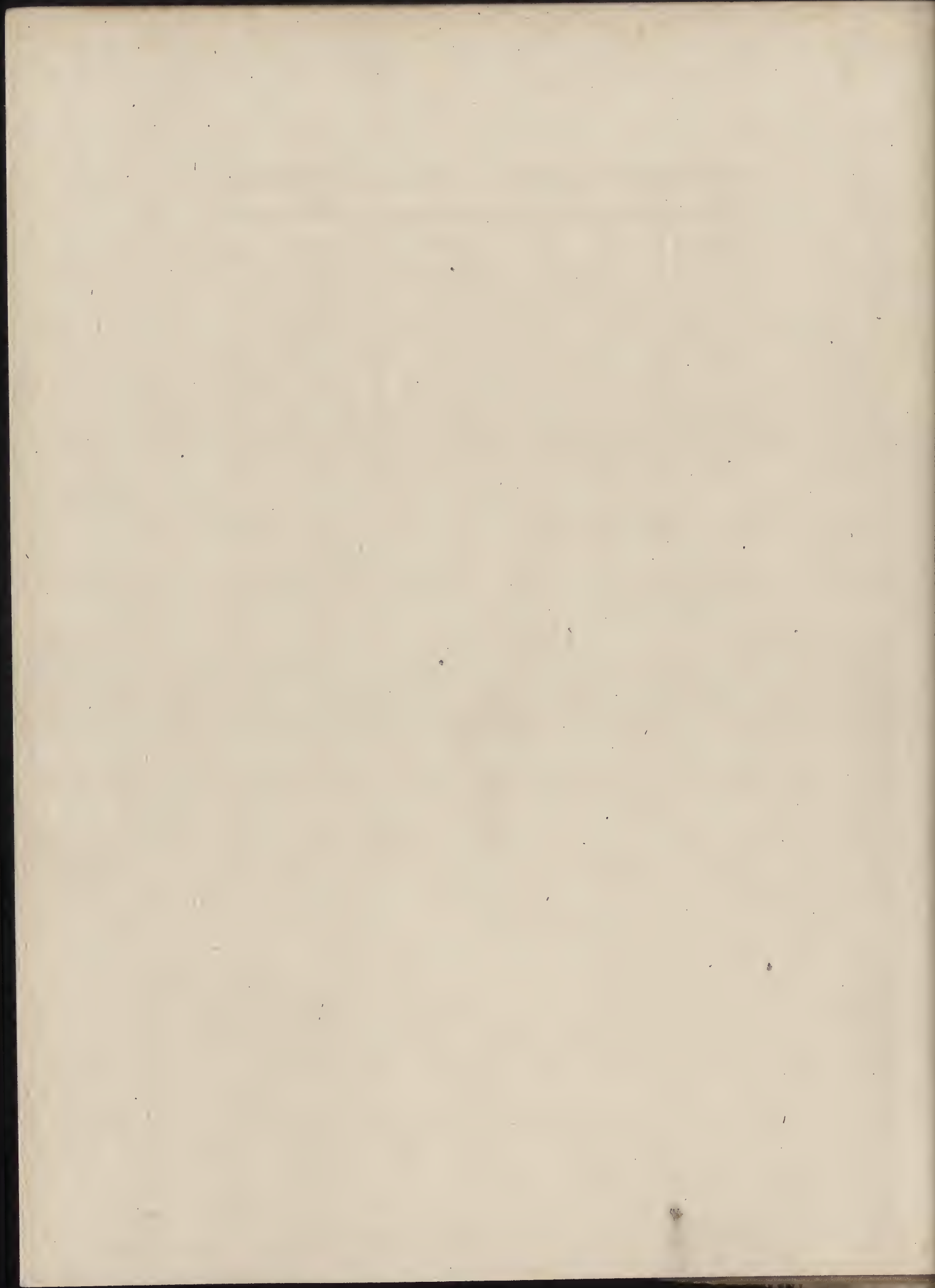
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG





IRVING AS "BADGER" IN "THE STREETS OF LONDON." GORDON CRAIG





# PERFIDIOUS ALBION!

---

## HENRY PURCELL. ♣ ♣

A sweet singer among perukes and patches, a master among dancing-masters, a glorious heritage—and a faintly remembered name. ♣ His genius is for all time—and his fate is to be tinkled by a culte. He is droned to a Dean, instead of being produced to a people. He was born for the universe, and is narrowed to the mind of an antiquary. We must not hear him, save on obsolete instruments of musick. He is the property of the specialist—the theme of the pedant. He is sacred dust, and will dissolve if handled by a rude public. ♣

So say the few, but — — — ♣ He is living, virile flesh and blood; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—a man of passion, and acquainted with life. His is no music of the past. He is with us—of us, as he will be so long as beauty and freshness continue to delight. ♣  
Perfidious Albion!! ♣ ♣ ♣

*William Challinger.*









HENRY PURCELL.

BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

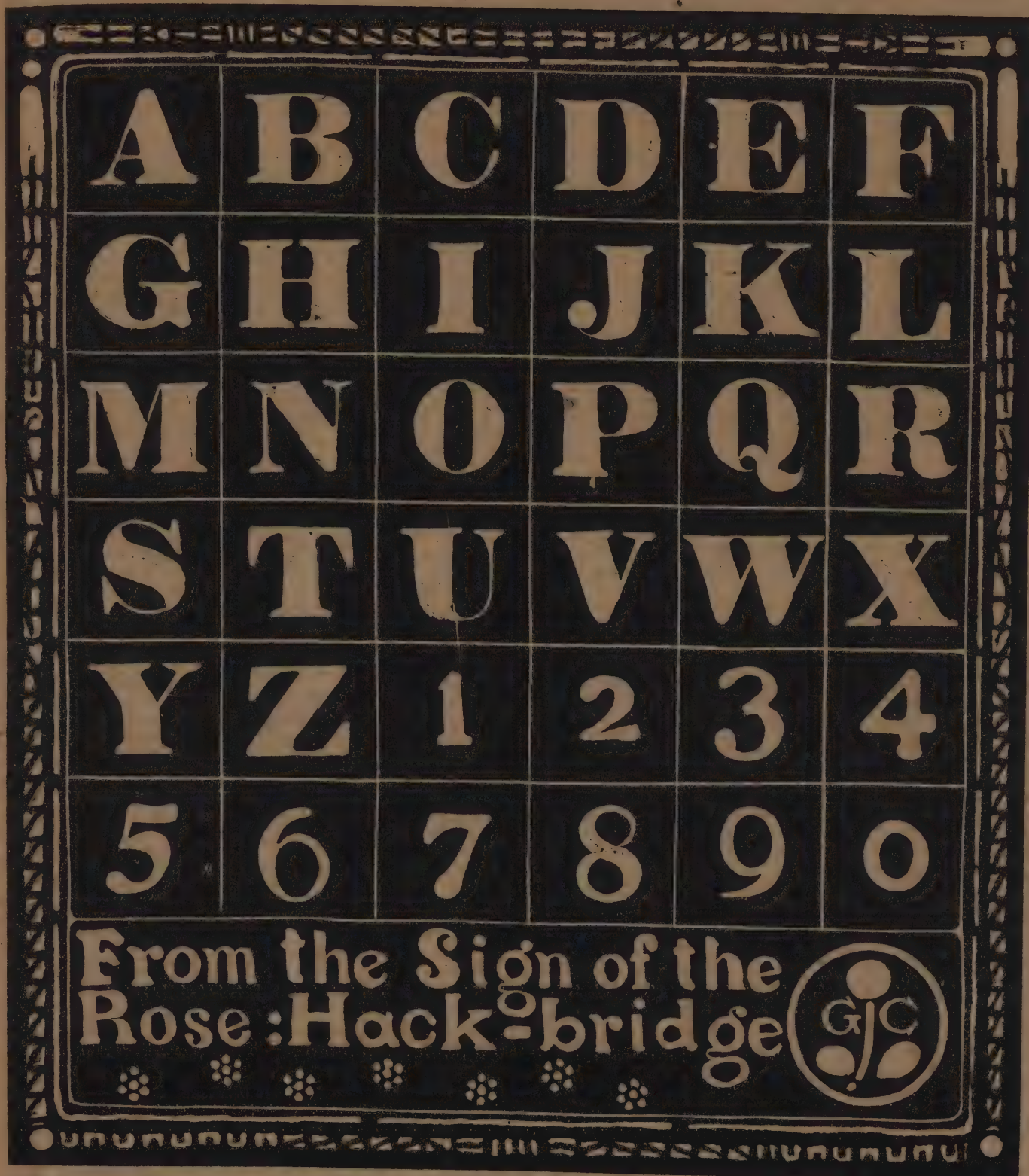




BOOKPLATE. S. B. BRERETON. E.G.C







AN ALPHABET FOR CHILDREN \* DESIGNED FOR A GINGERBREAD MOULD, BUT NOT  
USED AS SUCH—FOR REASONS. IT WAS FROM THIS MOULD THAT THE CELEBRATED  
"ROSE" GILT GINGERBREAD WAS TO HAVE BEEN OUT—BUT . . .







# A SET OF VERSES.

BY E. F. HOWARD.

LEWIS CARROLL.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things—  
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,  
Of cabbages and kings,  
And why the sea is boiling hot,  
And whether pigs have wings."





## SHOES.

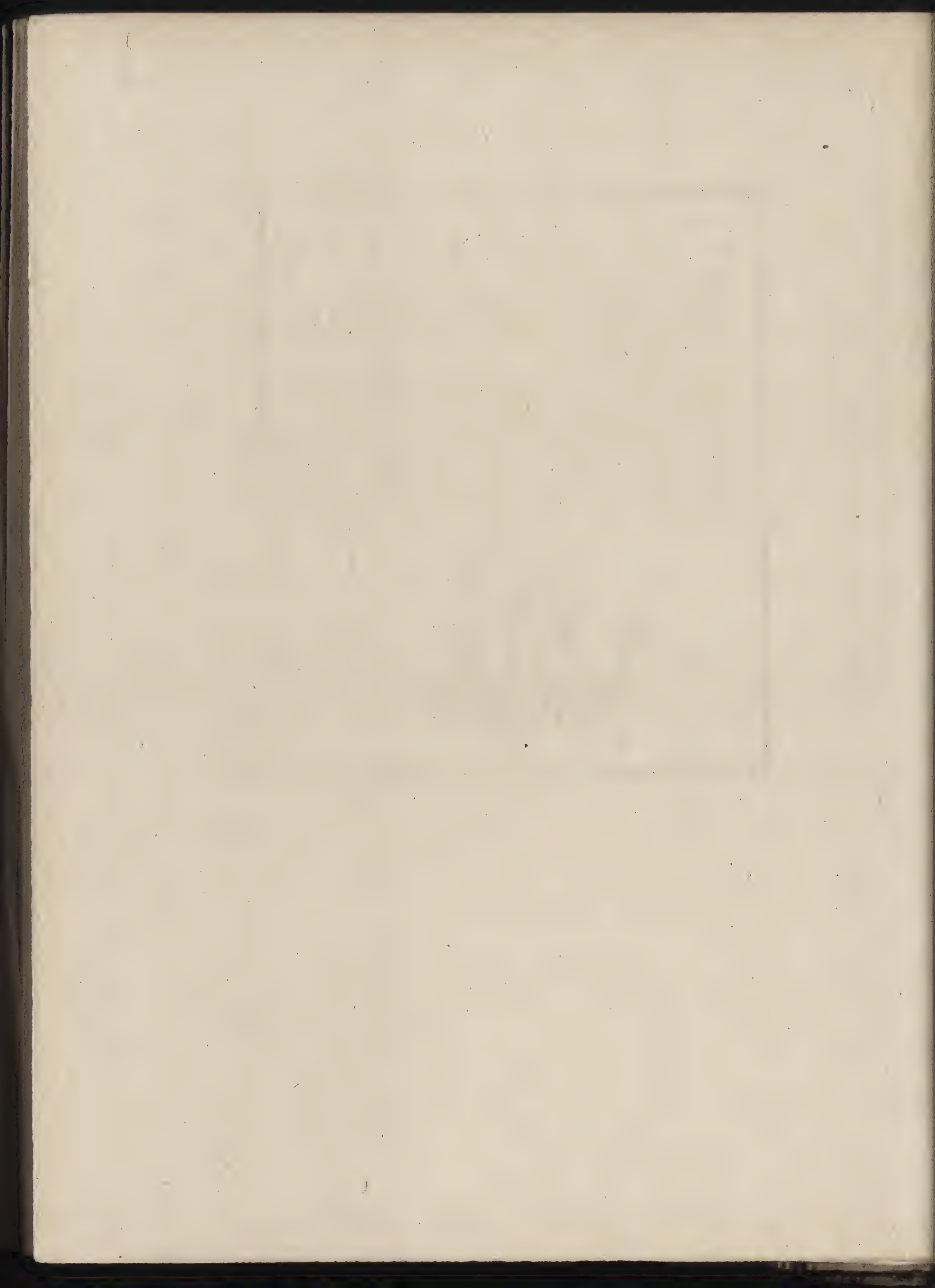
The Chinaman, whose taste is neat,  
Admires his ladies' lily feet ;  
While Sambo, who has larger views,  
Delights in Dinah's ample shoes.

We all on this conviction rest,  
The shoes we stand in are the best,  
Nor do we—let the fact be faced!—  
Think much of other people's taste.

Yet after all the world is wide,  
And most things have another side.  
We might hold very different views,  
Standing in other people's shoes.







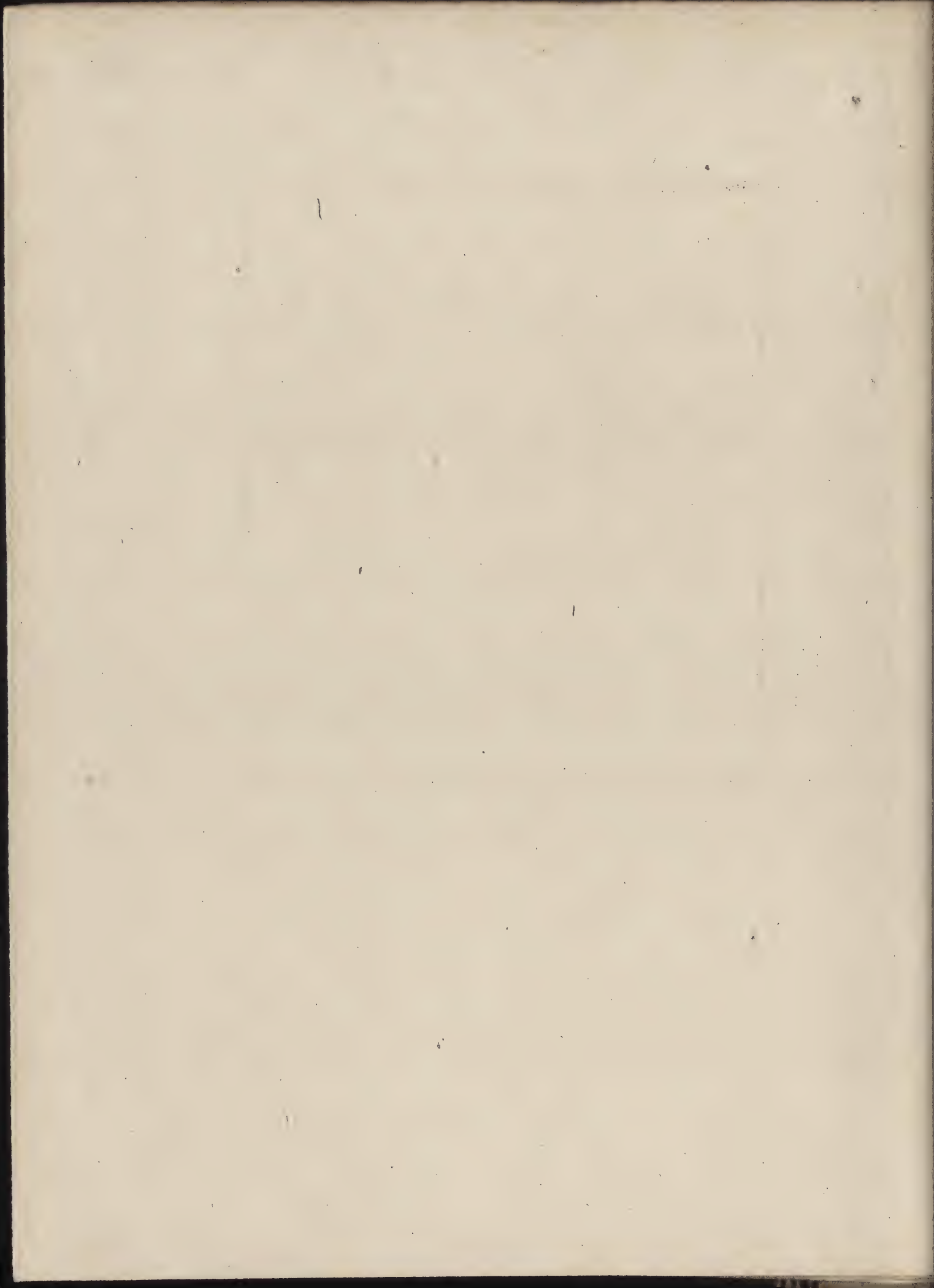
## SHIPS.

The ships go sailing over the sea  
With the freshening breeze & the flowing tide.  
What cargoes they carry for you and me  
Who may know? for the world is wide.

Their painted names on the bows we see,  
And they dip their flags to us, passing by.  
We are sailing so near we can send, may-be,  
Over the water a greeting cry.

The dancing hulls and the code-flags bright,  
We may see them all when the sky is clear;  
But the best of all may pass in the night,  
And we not even know they were near.



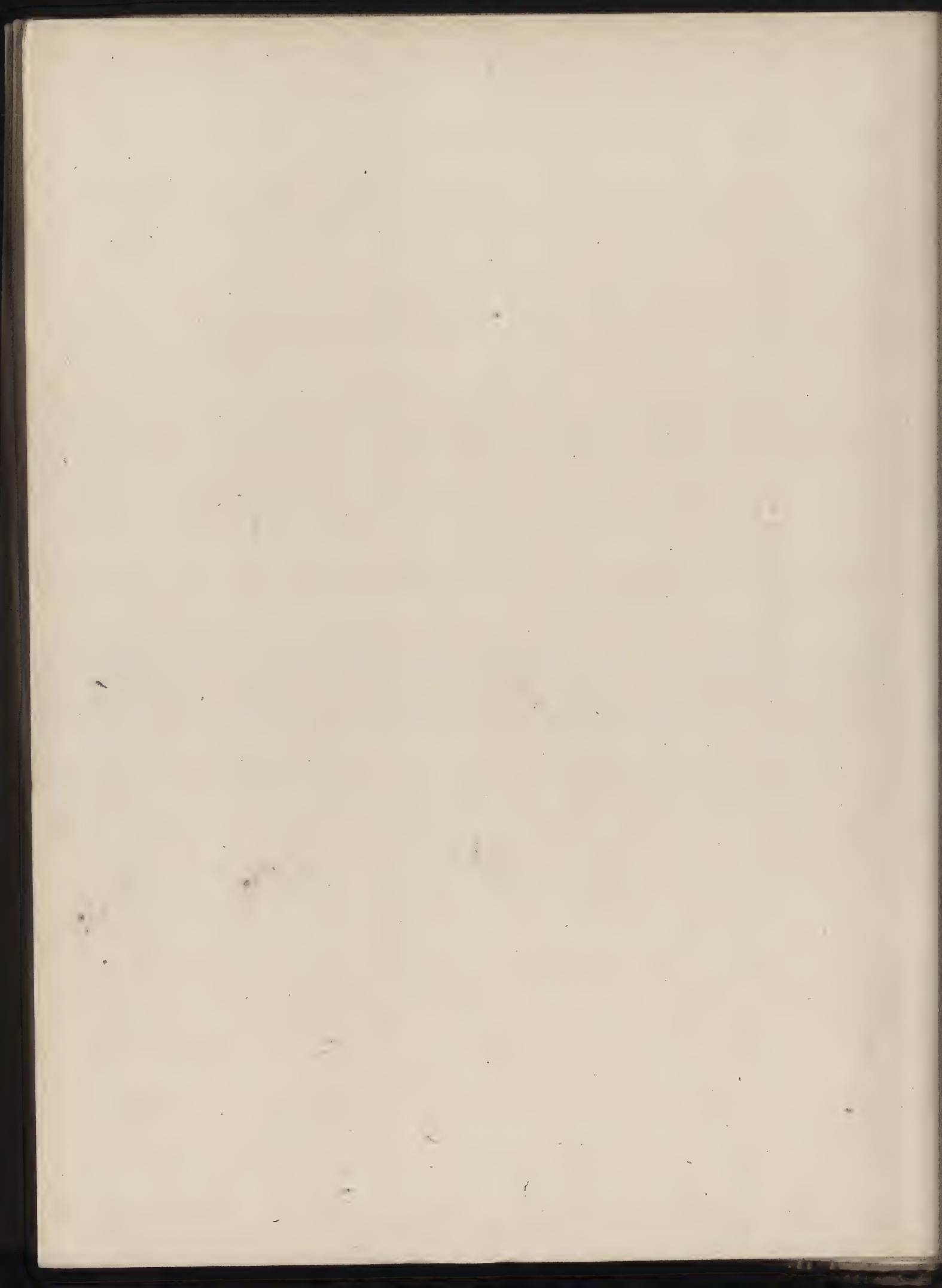




## SEALING-WAX.

Once when a dainty maid would write  
The notes which did my heart delight,  
With puckered brow and careful hand  
She lit the taper on its stand;  
The sealing-wax, white, red, or black,  
Held in the flame with easy knack,  
Melted it there a little space,  
Then dropped it bubbling in its place.  
The heavy seal with quaint device  
Made its impression in a trice,  
Yet still her small firm hand would press,  
As mutely sending a caress.

But now she writes her notes by dozens  
To all her uncles, aunts and cousins.  
Sweet Phyllis has no time, you see,  
To think of sealing-wax—or me.



## ❖ CABBAGES. ❖

Every garden sees them grow, ❖  
Modest pot herbs, row by row, ❖  
Large and round and cool to see, ❖  
Amiable cruciferæ! ❖

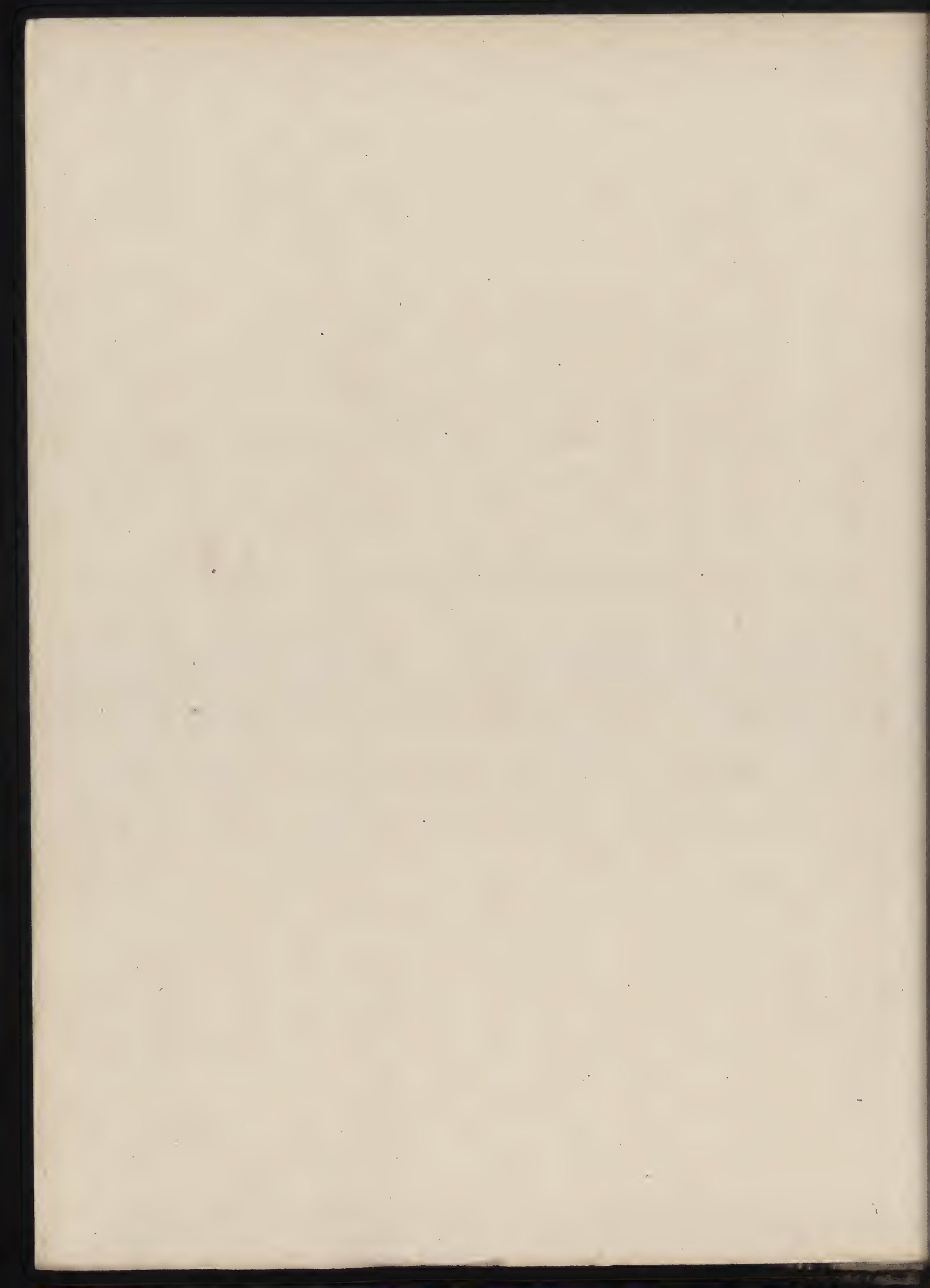
Cool above, but warm below, ❖  
All your tints harmonious glow. ❖  
Mother earth is kind to ye, ❖  
Excellent cruciferæ! ❖

When my spirit, worn with toil, ❖  
Seeks the solace of the soil, ❖  
To your garden beds I flee, ❖  
Innocent cruciferæ! ❖

Some in this neurotic age ❖  
From your leaves might take a page, ❖  
Settle down content to be ❖  
Amiable cruciferæ! ❖





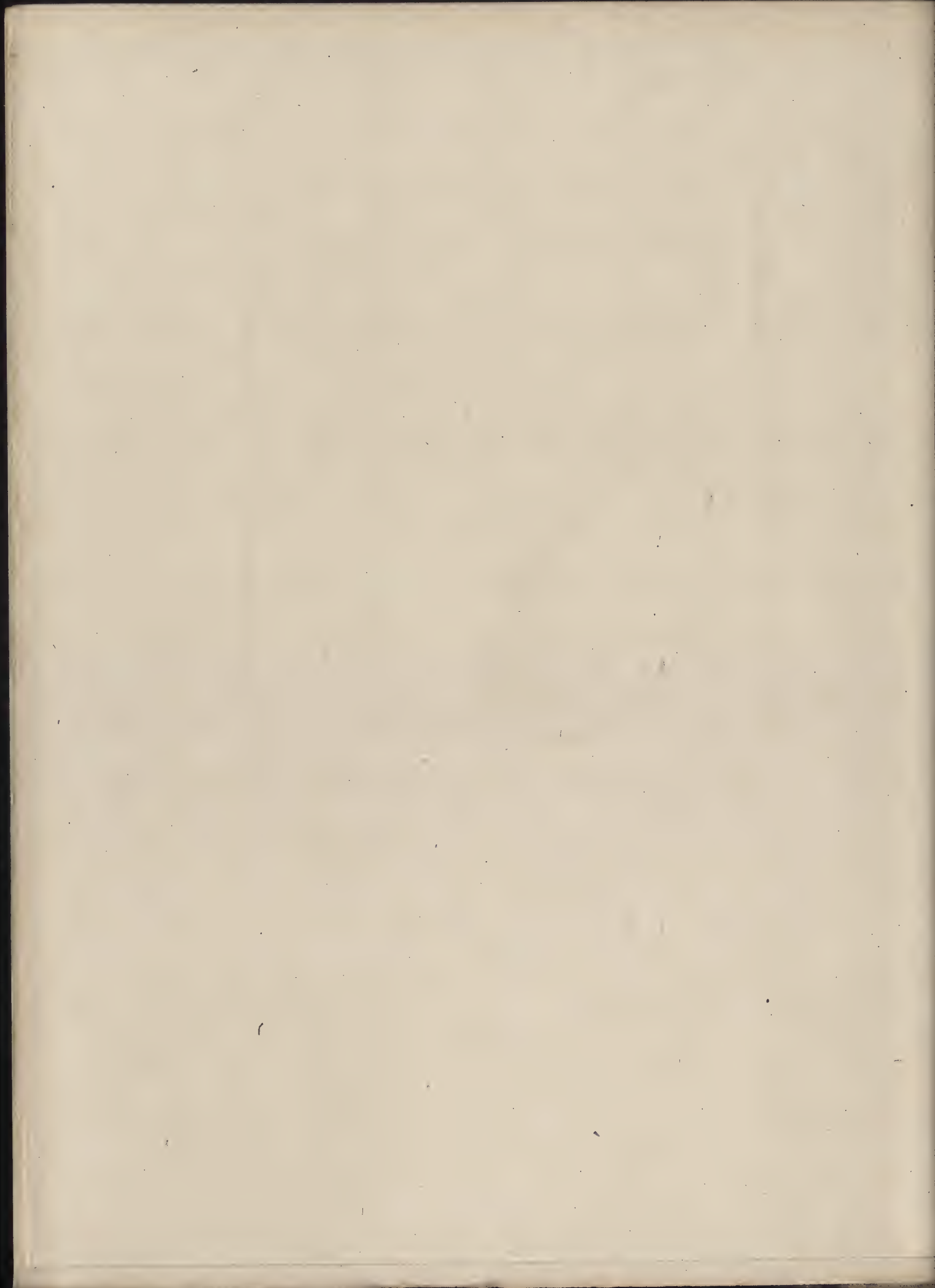


## KINGS.

From playing-field and camp and town  
Old England's sons are drafted forth.  
Find their equals, up or down,  
East or West or South or North!  
Steady of arm and quiet of heart,  
But eager to have his fling,  
Each is ready to do his part—  
And the strongest, he shall be king.

The cold north wind the English love,  
It blows them southward through the world.  
Their right to rule they come to prove  
Where'er the ancient flag's unfurled.  
Justice and liberty, peace and light,  
Are these what the English bring?  
O well for the nations where right is might,  
For the strongest he shall be king,  
O yes,  
The strongest is bound to be king!



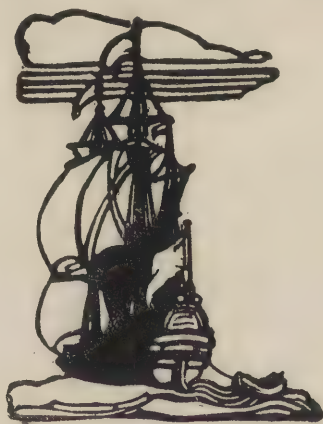


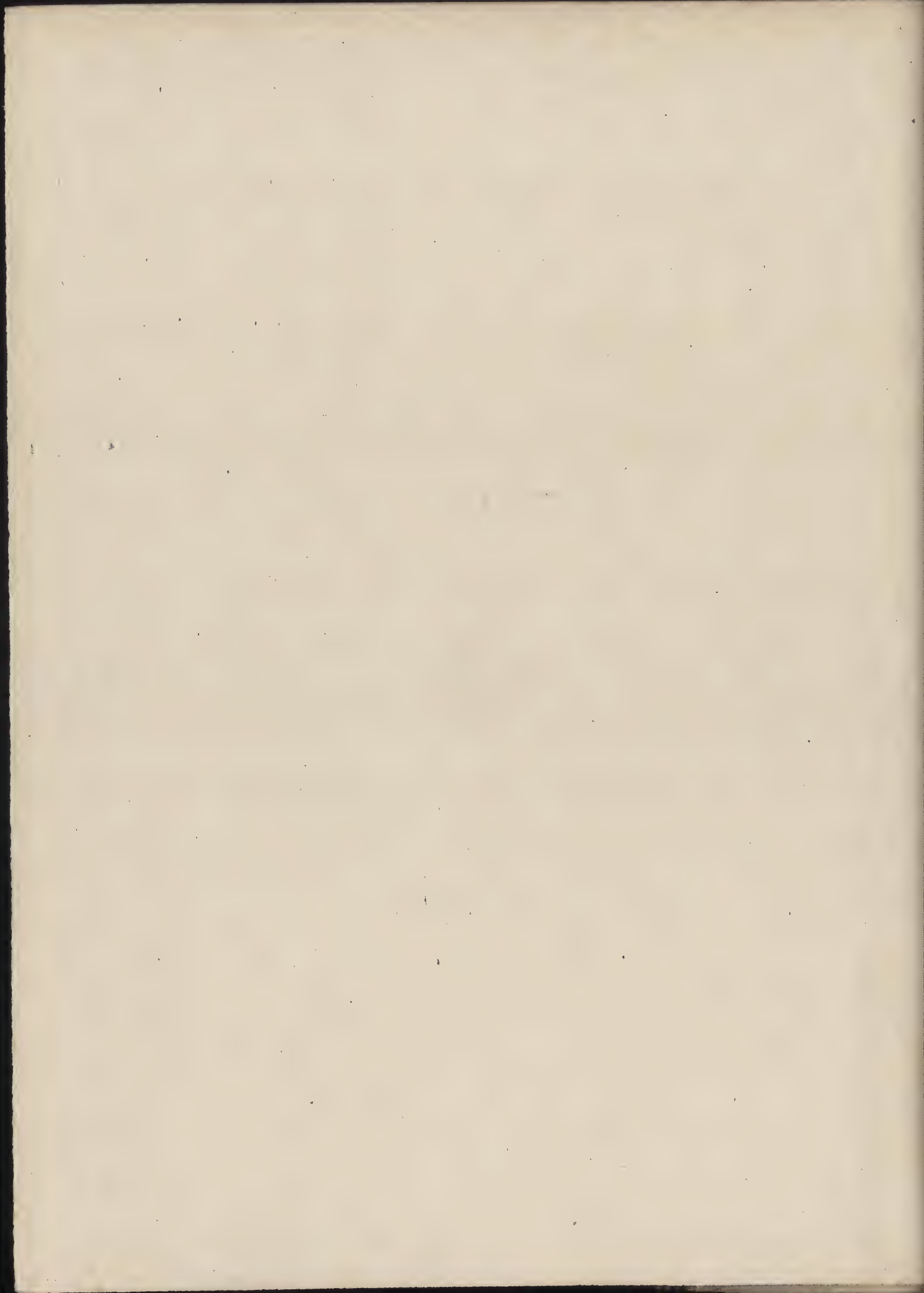


## WHY THE SEA IS BOILING HOT.

The great Earth Mother, in her grief  
When first she saw her children die,  
Down by the lonely shore did lie,  
And sought in tears to find relief.

She might not strive against her lot,  
In silence fell her scalding tears;  
And as she weeps throughout the years,  
The friendly sea itself grows hot.



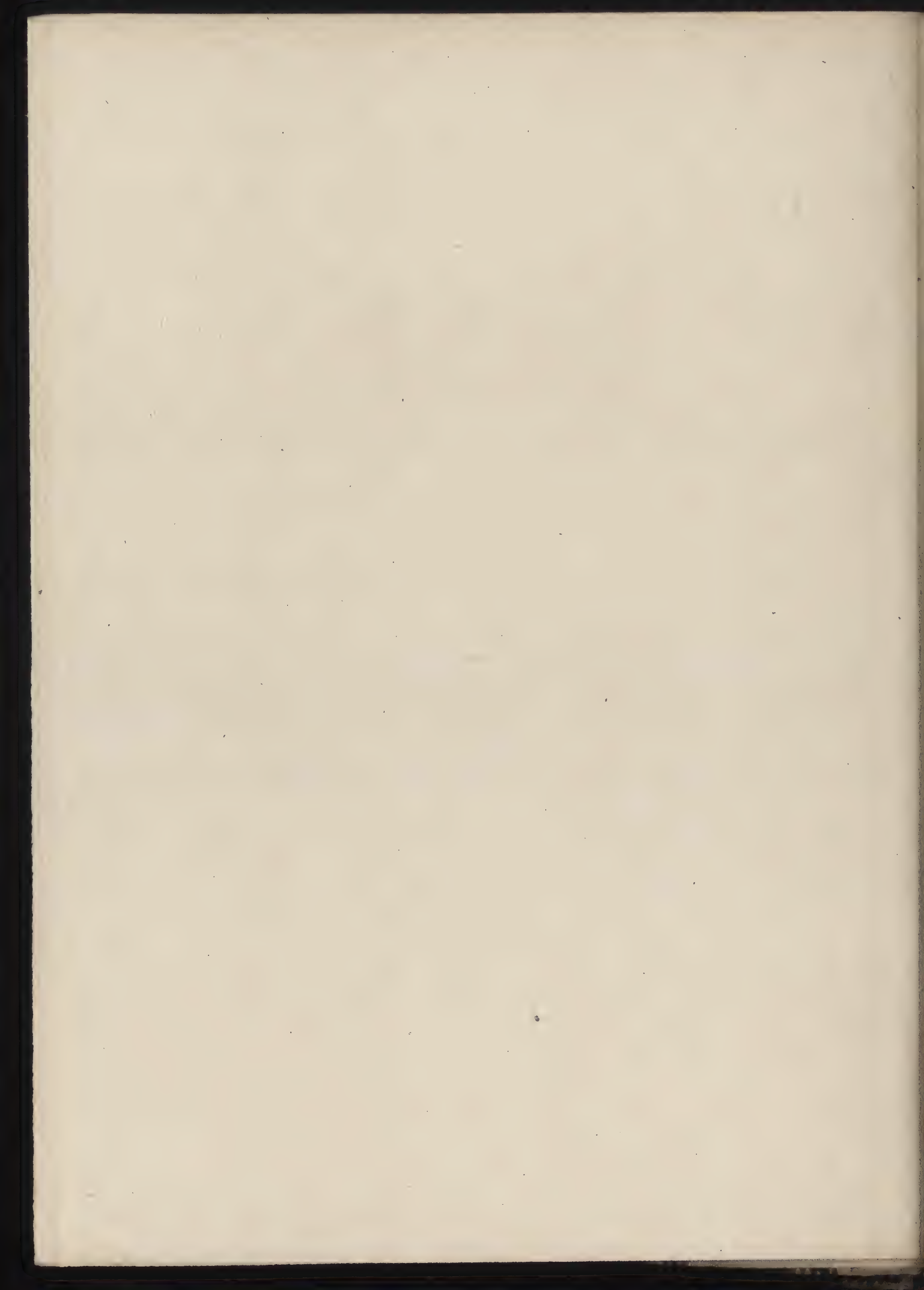


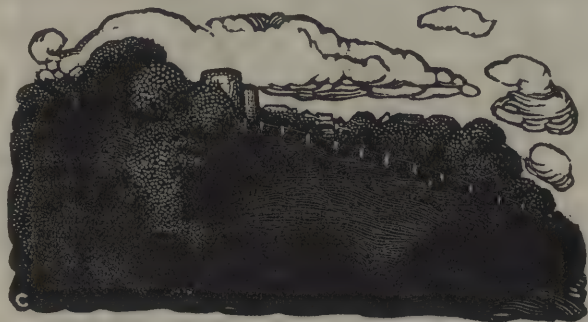
## WHETHER PIGS HAVE WINGS.

With heaving sides and lowered snout  
They turn their loathsome food about,  
They push and scuffle, grunt and wheeze,  
And nothing is too vile to please.  
Yet tho' the cynic, passing by,  
Confirms this taunt with: "Pigs *might* fly,  
And half the folk we've met to-day  
Are not more likely birds than they:"—  
I hold, when all is said and done,  
There lurks some good in everyone.  
E'en those who wallow in the mire  
Sometimes, perhaps, may chance to aspire.  
To this belief my spirit clings—  
That surely, surely pigs have wings!









FROM TOWER COTTAGE, WINCHELSEA, SUSSEX

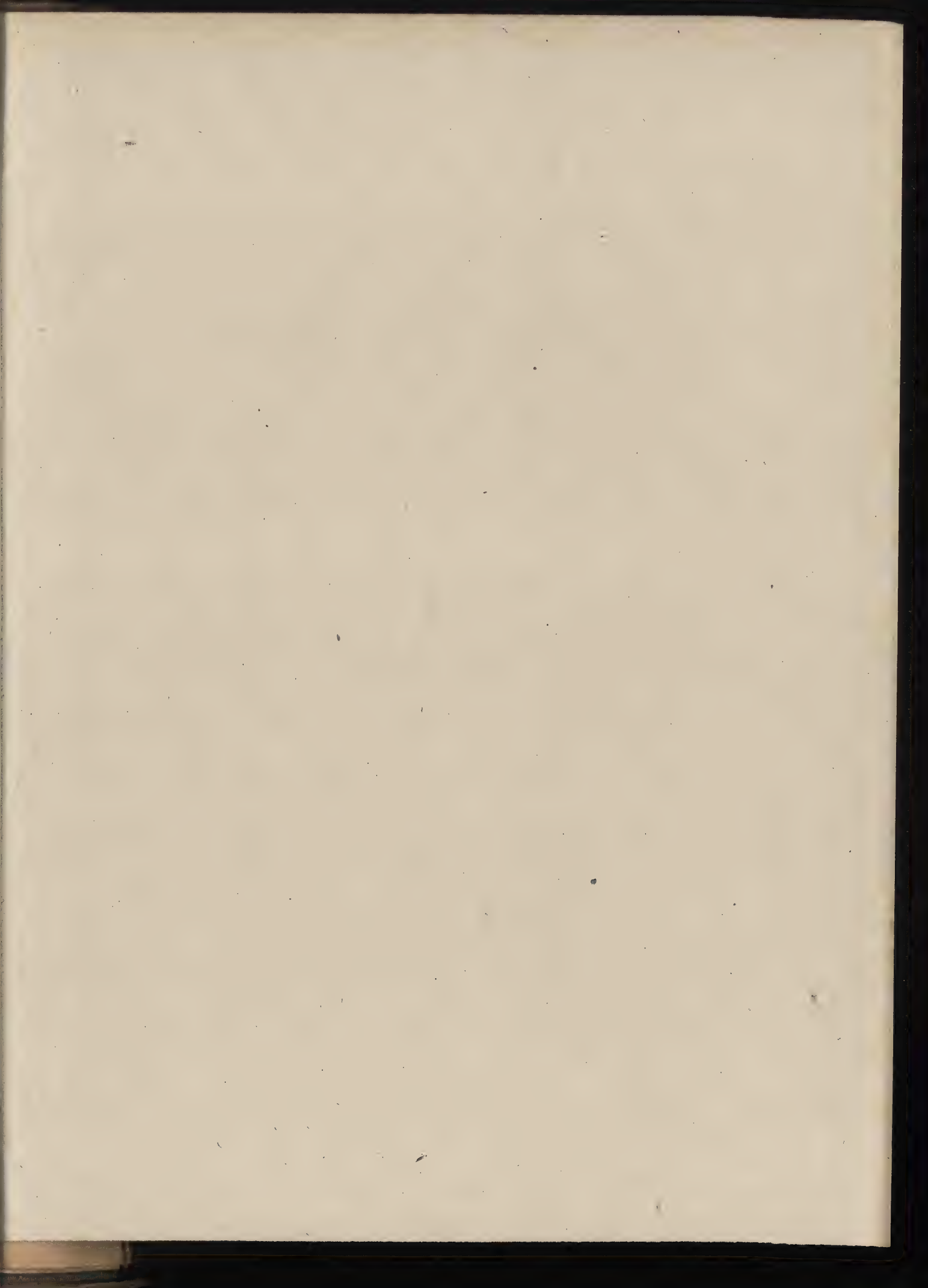
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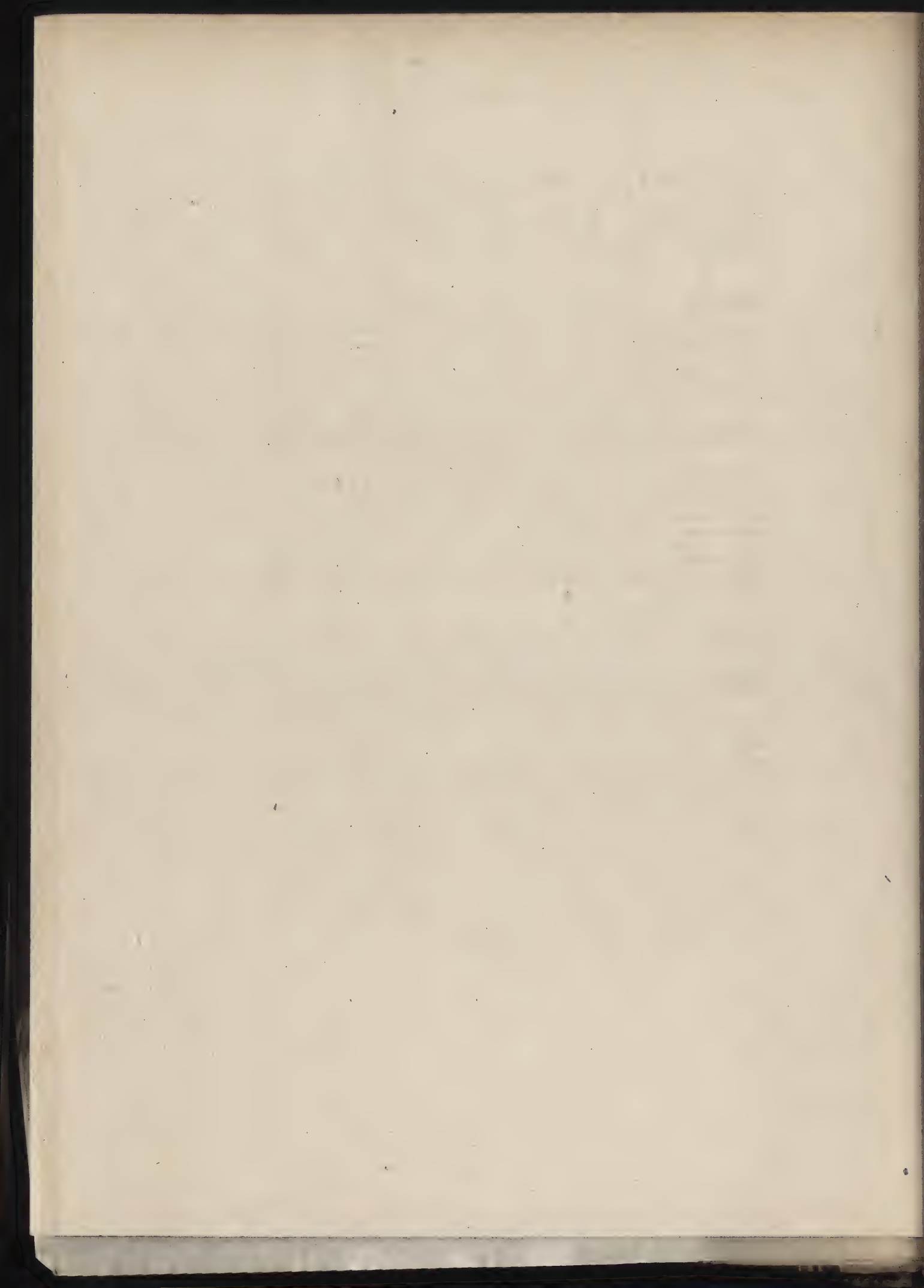
GORDON CRAIG



FROM TOWER COLLEGE WINDHILL WOODS







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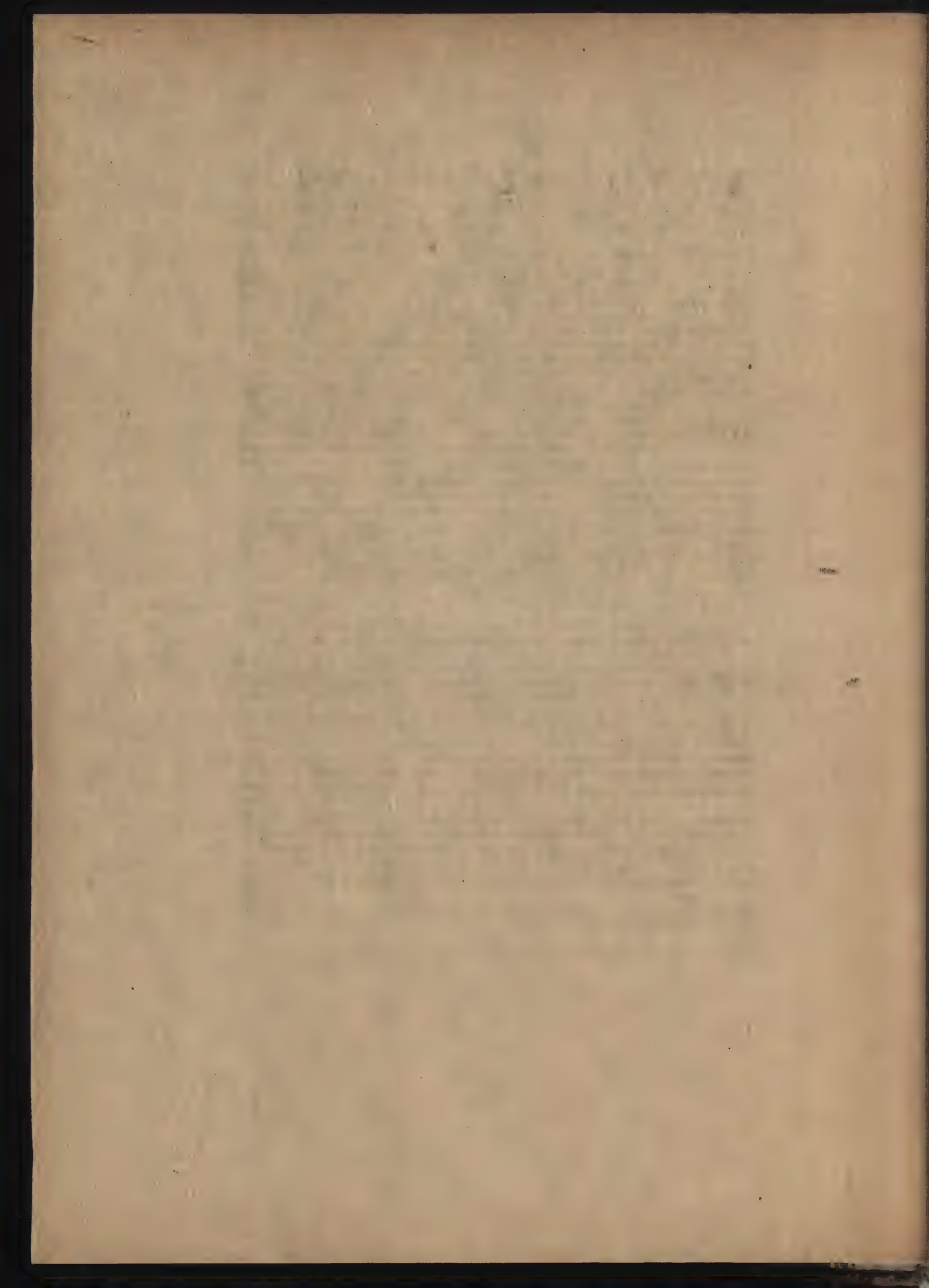
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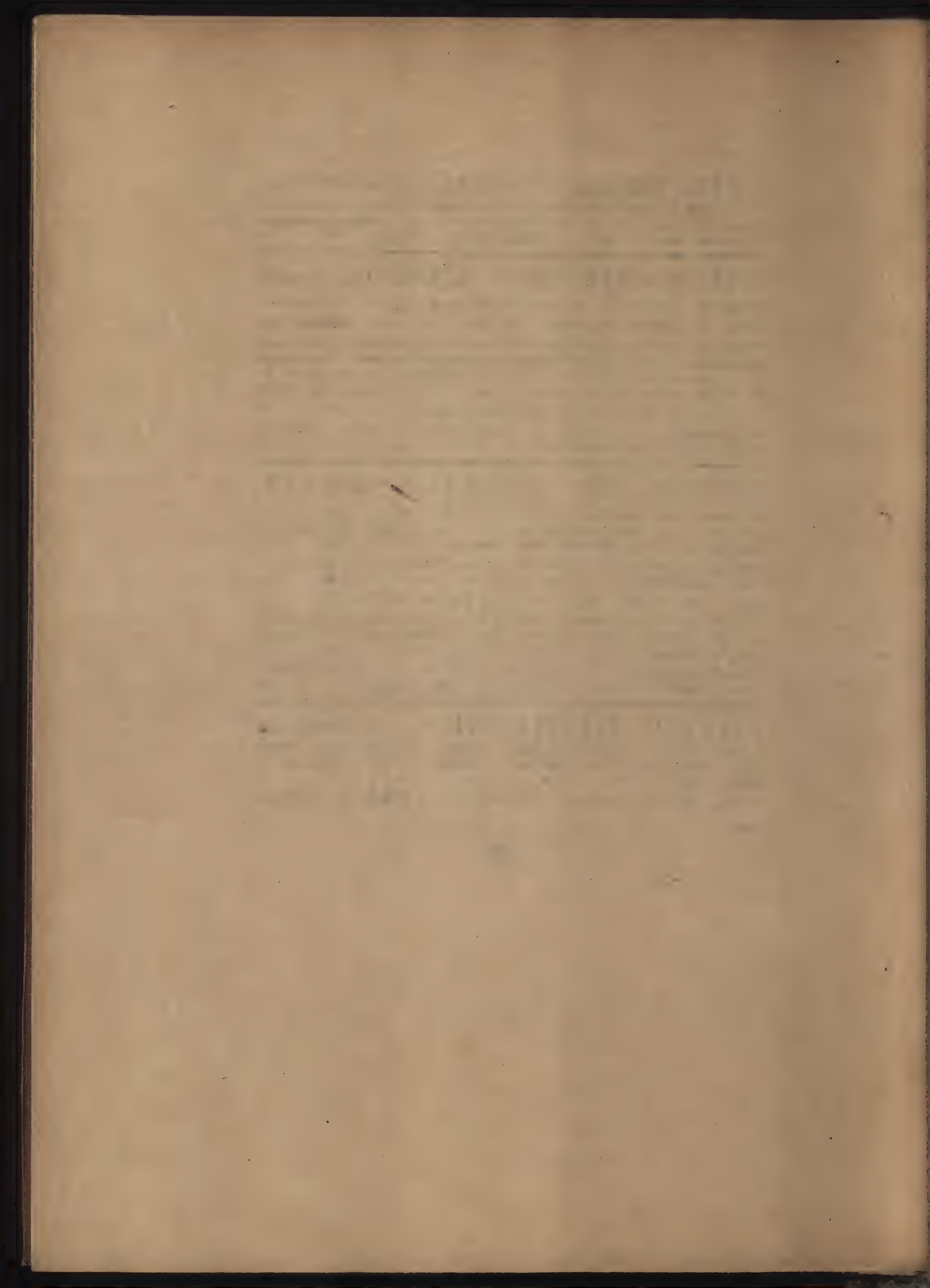
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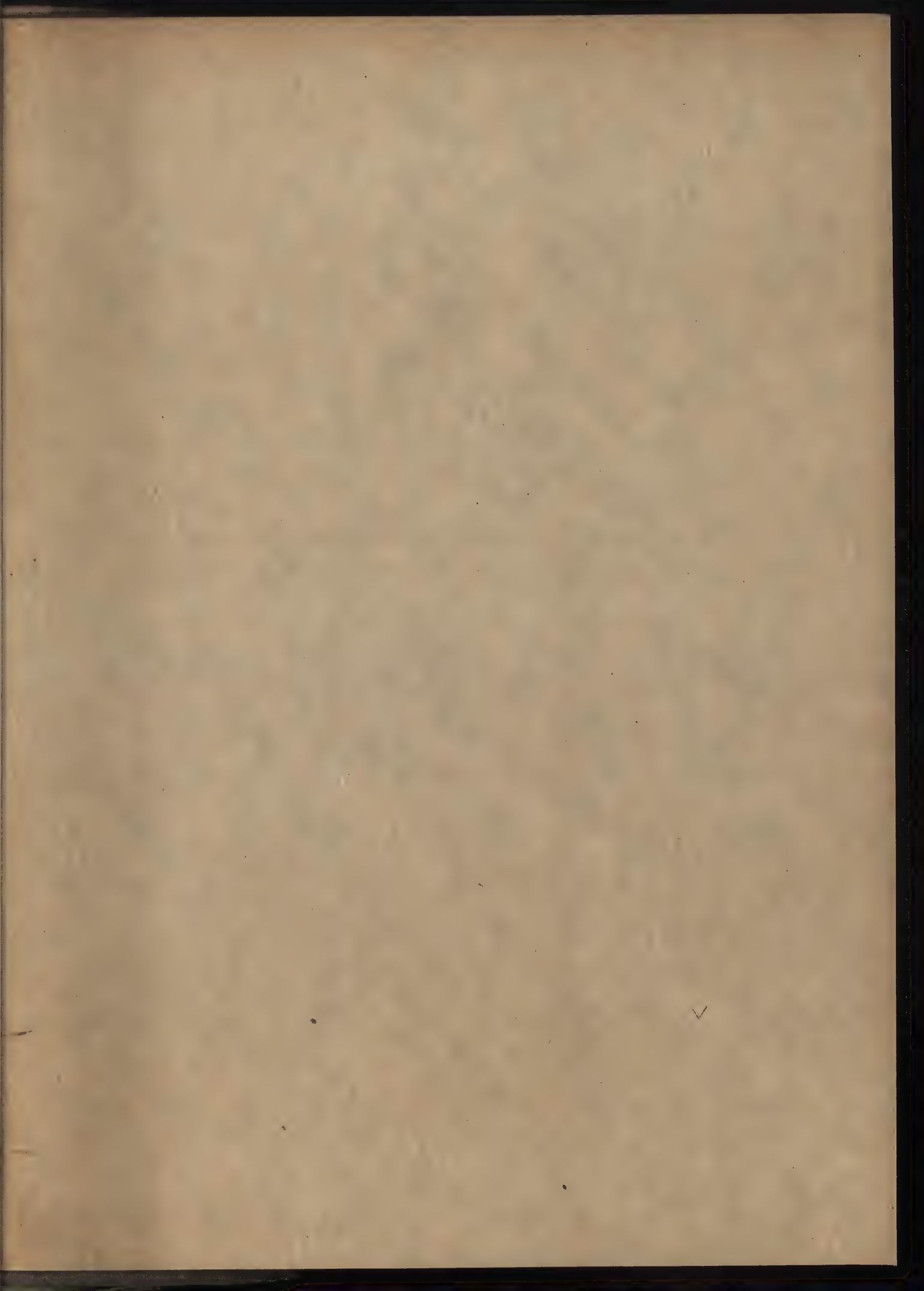
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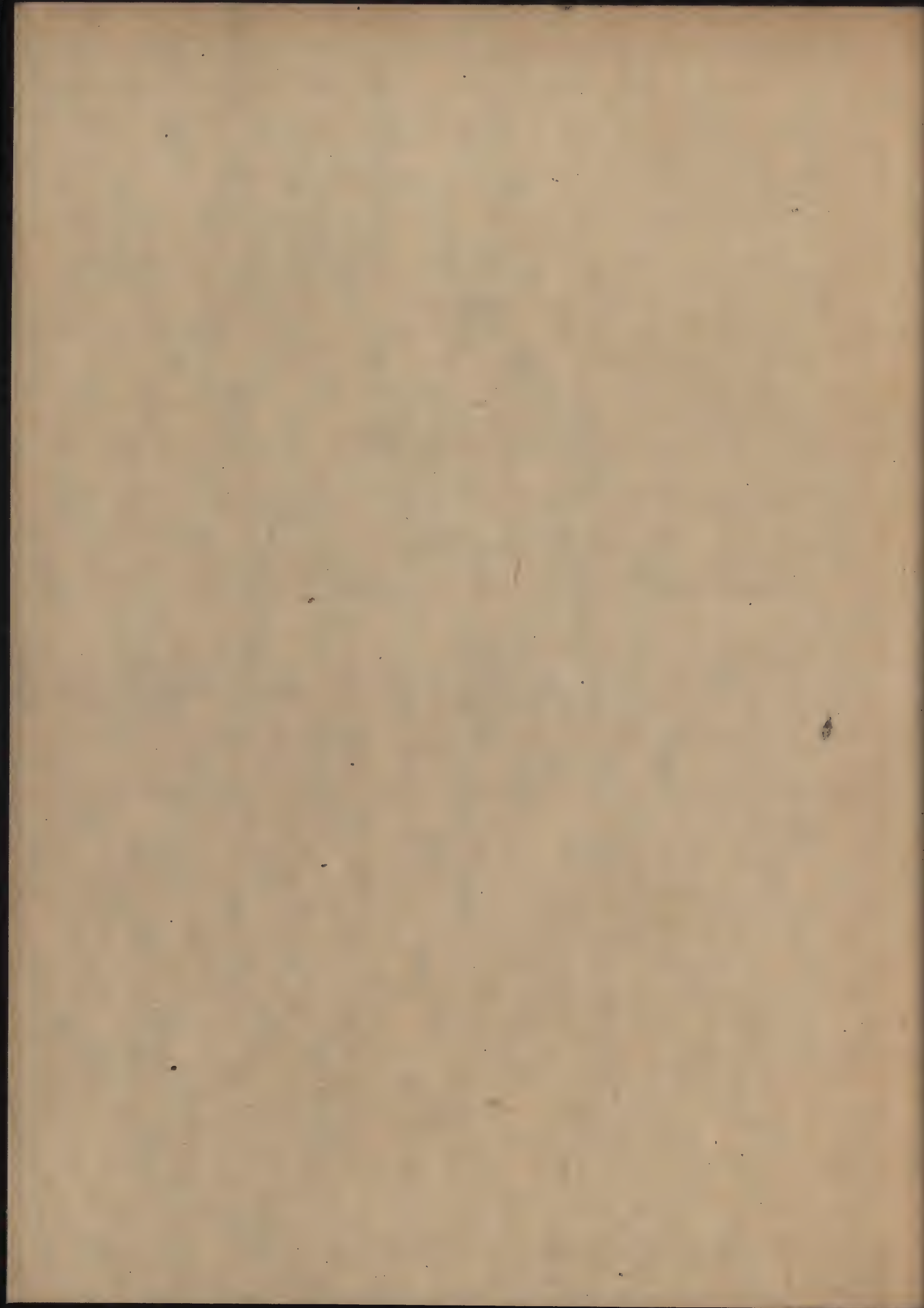
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